GENTLE BREADWINNERS

CATHERINE OWEN

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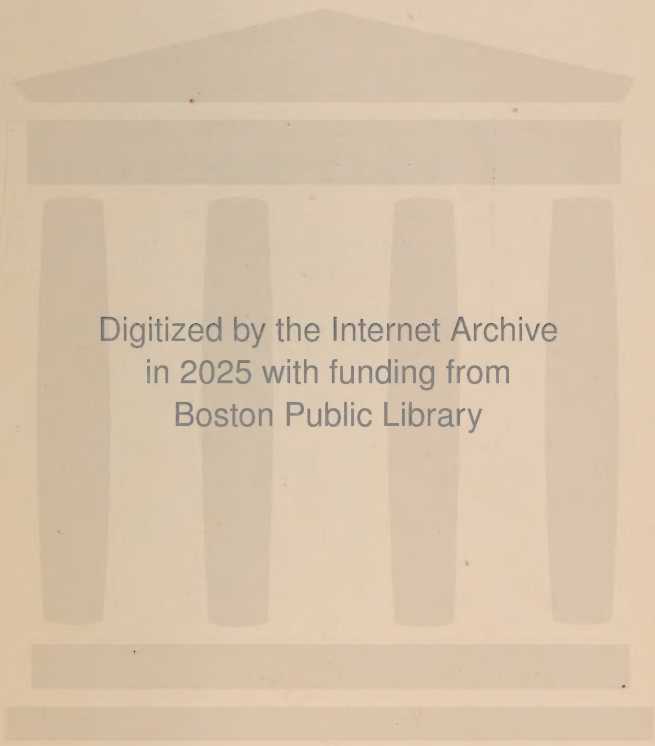
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GENTLE BREADWINNERS. 16mo, $1.00.

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GENTLE BREADWINNERS

THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM

BY

CATHERINE OWEN
AUTHOR OF "TEN DOLLARS ENOUGH," ETC.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1888

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To

MRS. EDWARD WARING,

WHO WOULD SUCCEED

IN EVERYTHING SHE MIGHT UNDERTAKE TO DO,

AND IS EVER READY TO HELP

THOSE WHO WOULD HELP THEMSELVES,

This Little Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

This little book does not pretend to put an end to the distresses of indigent gentlewomen. It only tells the story of an effort to earn a living actually made with a successful result, under far more difficulties than could be detailed in so short a space.

If there is any moral to be drawn from this true tale, it is that pluck, perseverance, and punctuality will succeed, where good intention and a faint heart, or brilliant abilities and lack of perseverance, will surely fail.

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GENTLE BREADWINNERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUESTION OF A LIVELIHOOD.

"DOROTHY, what can we do?"

It was a question that had risen to the lips of the speaker many times that week, and each time it was asked in a tone of deeper dejection, only to be answered by Dorothy with the same, "I can't tell, May; but something has to be done."

This time she added: "And very soon."

Their father had died a few days before, and instead of the fortune he was supposed to leave behind him there was not a dollar. Unfortunate speculation had ruined him, and his efforts to conceal the wreck for a few months had eaten up the salvage there might have been; so that to satisfy the

tradesmen's debts the furniture had to be sold; and not one word of warning had been given to the girls, who were now left with handsome wardrobes of a kind that would be of very little use in the life they might be forced to lead for the future, a little jewelry, and not twenty dollars to call their own, and oh, so little preparation of any kind for the future before them.

Dorothy had been her father's housekeeper ever since she was seventeen. She was now twenty-five, and had prided herself far more on the perfect ordering of her father's house than on the accomplishments usual to ladies of her social position. She could play a little, and paint also a little, and spoke French with a New York accent, of which she was quite aware; one good point about Dorothy, she knew her limitations.

May was very pretty, and five years younger. She looked fragile, yet really was not so; Dorothy had always so petted and loved her that she could not bear to think

of May battling alone. But for this she would have settled that the one thing for her to do would be to seek a position as housekeeper. Not an easy thing to find, yet it would have been worth the effort, if she could have made up her mind to leave May.

As for the latter, she felt if Dodo would only decide, there would be very little difficulty about their making a living. She could paint, she was quite sure, a great deal better than many people. Had n't all their friends always admired her work? Would not they be glad to buy it now, if Dorothy would give her a little encouragement instead of always saying: —

"My dear May, it is no use to think of it; you paint prettily enough for an amateur, and a few people who want to bestow charity on us delicately" — (Dorothy's lips curled) "would take your work, but that would only be for a time; and for Heaven's sake let us steer clear of charity, even if we have to become kitchen maids."

"Oh, Dorothy, how horrid!" May's eyes filled with tears. She thought Dorothy, dear and good as she was, rather unjust.

"Dear Dorothy knows so little of art; she is not a good judge," she thought.

And when the thought was hinted, Dorothy said gravely: —

"May, I have thought of these things with regard to other people, never supposing the result of my thoughts could have any bearing on my life or yours. I have known and tried to help several reduced young ladies, but have always noticed one fact, that very few could do one thing thoroughly well, nor could they be induced to see that they must do it so, or their efforts would fail. So far as I know, neither I nor you can do anything, not even plain sewing, better than the average, and average work will be starvation, or, what 's worse, genteel begging. No one shall pay me for work that is not as good as he can buy elsewhere for the same money. What I want is time to learn one thing well — a shelter while I

can perfect myself in something, if it is only dressmaking."

"Oh, Dodo" —

"I am serious. I have rather a knack at draping and fitting. I dare say even now I could make a dress as well as a fifth-rate dressmaker. It is true that would only bring us dry bread, so slow as I should be at the unaccustomed work, but I think in six months I could become expert. You could help, and we could be together: now how to live that six months!"

It must not be supposed there were no well-meaning friends at hand to advise the destitute girls, or to offer them more substantial aid than advice, but this was not what Dorothy wanted. To accept shelter with prosperous people to whom she and her sister could be of no use whatever in return, was something she prayed to be spared.

"My dears," said the rector's wife, "I am sure I try to think of some plan night and day. If I could only hear of some one

needing a companion or governess! I have written everywhere, and yet I have so often known of nice positions and none to fill them, but it 's always so!"

"Dear Mrs. Emery, we are neither of us fitted for governessing, and I fear there is little hope of finding a position as companion, such places are so rare. In fact, I am willing to do something much more plebeian. Gentility shall not restrain me, but I am not fitted for anything at all."

"Well, that is so sensible, Dorothy. There are so many nice things if you do not let pride stand in the way; something in a dentist's office now, or at a photographer's. Something surely will turn up!"

"I fear such places also are very rare; if I could only induce some store to give me just enough to live, while I learn to be of use — but unfortunately stores are not kept for missionary purposes. Oh, what a humiliation it is to think, Mrs. Emery, that we two girls, brought up with all advantages, are not fit to earn a dollar! Oh, if

I ever have daughters they shall learn to do one thing well."

That evening, however, brought help from an unexpected quarter.

"A letter from poor Aunty Bevan," said May, handing it to Dorothy, who opened it and read: —

DEAREST GIRLS, — I have been thinking about you and your affairs ever since I knew of them: thinking is n't much good if one cannot help; but since your letter came telling me you are willing to work at anything, I have decided to make a suggestion. It is that you and May should come to us till something turns up. You may feel quite independent, for you could both more than earn your board by what you could do to help. You know my eyesight is very bad; I can't sew. Your uncle is too great an invalid to do much, and to have a young pair of eyes and hands would be a great deal to us. But — and I beg you to take this "but" into consideration — we are far poorer, live more plainly, than you can imagine. You knew we were poor, but not how poor — that, without much intention, I have always con-

cealed. If you come to us you would see for yourselves. Of such food as there is, there 's plenty, but it is excessively plain, indeed; just what we can raise; such things as we can't produce we go without. Now, can you and May face such a life? You will not be tied in any way, and can leave us the moment something better turns up. Think it over and let me know.

Your affectionate aunt,

MARGARET BEVAN.

"Oh, poor Aunt Bevan, what a terrible life for her!" cried May.

"Yes; yet, May, this is the first thing that seems to offer a gleam of light to me."

May shivered.

"Do you think we could stand it?"

"Easily," said Dorothy. "Aunt has been as gently bred as we. I plainly see we really need not be dependent there, and I think, May, we must be thankful for such a refuge while we try to solve some way of living."

A week later found the two Miss Fortescues under their aunt's roof.

Although I want to hurry over the part of my story which tells only of Dorothy's initial steps and her false starts before she found out the secret, in which all women placed in her position may be interested, I yet must explain exactly how Mrs. Bevan lived, in order that the narrative of Dorothy's struggle may be understood.

The Bevans had once been wealthy. Then Mr. Bevan had speculated and lost everything but some farming land about twenty-five miles from the city and three from the railroad. On the land was an old house, and as neither he nor his wife understood very much about country life, he had tried to sell the property, even for half its value; but, finding no customer appeared, they went out to live on the farm until a customer should appear.

This was ten years ago. They were still at the comfortless place, and now little likely to leave it. For two years Mr. Bevan had some trouble with his knee and had become very lame. Mrs. Bevan had kept up

relations with the outside world by means of correspondence, but she rarely had visitors; even her nieces had only been to the place once, and left it with a profound pity for their poor aunt. Mrs. Bevan's one amusement, and — considering how much a dollar was to her — her one extravagance, was writing letters to some old friends, some of whom she visited occasionally.

It was early spring when the girls arrived, and all out-doors wore its best aspect. The trees were just putting forth tender green leaflets; everything in nature seemed awakening and full of promise, but once inside the house, what a contrast! Mr. Bevan had never had means to put it into proper order, and it was plainly the abode of extreme poverty; yet the furniture, some of it very handsome still, redeemed it from sordid ugliness, even though it made the walls of broken plaster more hideous. The floors were nearly all uncarpeted.

But whatever was lacking in comfort was amply made up in the warm welcome from Mrs. Bevan, who said as she kissed them, —

"Bless you, dear girls; I shall begin to live, now you are here."

A feeling of real pleasure filled Dorothy's heart, for, although she had never thought of it before, she could see how they might brighten the days of the lonely woman.

"Dorothy, I have n't killed a chicken for you, as I might have done, for we have them, but I thought it best to have just our usual tea," said Mrs. Bevan when they met at table.

"Thank you, aunt; I am glad you did, and oh, how fresh and nice it all looks!"

The tea was neatly laid with pretty china and old-fashioned silver. There was abundance of milk and yellow butter, a dish of watercress from the spring, curds, and a little pitcher of cream; for, farmers as they were (in a very small way), cream was one of the luxuries and had to be sparely used. On the bread board was a dark-looking loaf of bread, and by an appetizing odor of baking it was evident there was some form of hot bread to be expected.

"Will you cut the bread, Dorothy? It is rye bread; we use a good deal of rye bread, because our land is n't suitable for growing wheat" —

"Rye bread, aunt! but it is delicious. I 've always had a horror of rye bread, because I have seen it when it seemed solid, and other times it was sour; but this is sweeter than any bread I ever ate."

"Some people like it very solid. I like mine to be just the same as wheaten bread." Mrs. Bevan left the table as she spoke, and went to the kitchen. She returned with a dish of brown, crisp cakes about half an inch thick and as large as the top of a tea-cup.

"What are these, aunty?" asked Dorothy, as she buttered one, her housewifely instinct on the alert for information.

"Buttermilk pones I call them; you must like them."

"Then I want the recipe, aunty, for my note-book."

Perhaps some of those who, I hope, may

become Dorothy's friends will like also to know a few of Mrs. Bevan's very frugal dishes, and as we go with her on her road to independence I will transcribe here and there a simple recipe by which her aunt contrived to vary and render appetizing a diet that was almost wholly vegetarian. Those for whom happily no necessity for such extreme economy exists may pass them by and wait for better things.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. BEVAN'S PONES. — DOROTHY AS A DRESS-MAKER.

"Do you mean to say, aunt, that there were no eggs in those pones?" said Dorothy as she dotted the i's and crossed the t's of the recipe she had just written in her neat little note-book.

"No eggs, my dear; in winter I use as few eggs as possible, because they fetch a high price, and as ready money is so scarce I am glad of anything that will add to it, so I sell the eggs and have a few of what I call winter recipes, which do not require eggs. Well, I 'll read this over to see if it 's right."

"Buttermilk Pones. — To every pint of rich buttermilk, not too sour, allow one small teaspoonful of soda and three coffee

cupfuls of cornmeal. Put the soda in the bowl, break all lumps, then pour the buttermilk into it; stir and add the cornmeal with a small teaspoonful of salt. Taste the batter; if still sour add a very little more soda; stir briskly. Have the griddle hot, and with rather more grease upon it than for cakes. Drop the batter from a spoon until half an inch thick. When brown on one side turn and bake the other. Split and butter as muffins and serve while very hot."

"Yes, you have it right, but you may add that if sweetening is liked two tablespoonfuls of molasses may be added. This makes the crust nicer."

"Thank you, aunt. This is my first lesson in real economical housekeeping. Cooking was rather a hobby of mine, you know, and I can make a few good things, but they all cost a good deal."

"Well, my dear, to have real good things you must have the materials for them, but some very nice ones may be made more eco-

nomically than you would think, by mixing in a little brains."

The next day Dorothy and May began their new life in earnest, and the difference between the two sisters came out strongly in a conversation they had while dressing. May was yawning sleepily.

"Dorothy, it 's awful getting up and dressing at this hour. I don't believe aunt expects us to."

"But, May, you surely could n't lie in bed and let her get our breakfast?"

"Well, I don't know; we can help in other ways. She has to get breakfast, you know, anyhow."

"Do as you like, May. I hate early rising, but I should hate still more to walk into the breakfast-room as if I were a boarder."

"Oh, Dorothy, you have such high-flown notions." May was very proud of Dorothy, but she always thought she lacked common sense, although she was clever.

She was more convinced of this than

ever when Dorothy insisted on washing the dishes, pots and all. At this May rebelled; she dusted the little sitting-room, then took her seat in it, as Mrs. Bevan entreated Dorothy also to do. May said she would assist in the light work, and meanwhile *she* was going to try and make a little money, with rather a rebuking air to Dorothy, as she spread her paints before her industriously.

"I 'll come too, later," said her sister.

Dorothy found the preparing of the noonday meal in this frugal house was something very different from dinner getting in any other she had known. The teeming garden was gone over, and whatever was ready was brought in to cook. Mr. Bevan grew very little for market, his land was very poor except the garden plot, and he understood nothing of farming. He just managed to raise fodder, a little corn and rye, and the family vegetables. The preparation of these Dorothy soon found took as much time as cooking a fine dinner, for what they lacked in meat Mrs. Bevan tried

to make up for by savory and careful cooking.

"I am glad you came just as the early vegetables are coming on," she said. "We have the earliest peas about, and the first are just ready to pull, and we will have a piece of shoulder boiled to eat with them."

Dorothy felt the shoulder was in honor of them, but said nothing. After she had turned her hand to everything with Mrs. Bevan, and the work was about done she said: —

"Now, aunt, you said you had sewing. I am ready and eager for it."

"My dear child, it's true I've a good many things to make over, but I'm afraid you won't find it pleasant work."

"Any work will be pleasant that will help you, aunt."

"Then I'll get them down, — my dresses, I mean, — for I'm in great need of something to wear."

Reader, did you ever know an elderly gentlewoman, with ancient dresses, fine in

quality, which she reverenced, and which she wanted made into present style? For years she may have ignored the fashion, but now that she has decided to put scissors to these precious relics they must be made into garments most stylish and modern.

Very timidly, yet showing plainly an ardent desire, did elderly Mrs. Bevan intimate that she would like those dresses "a bit stylish," something like Dorothy's own, which was "so plain and simple" she had fallen in love with it as just the thing.

Dorothy's was a princess dress, beautifully cut but severely plain. She looked at her aunt, whose form was attenuated and utterly guiltless of contour. Could she mean it?

"You would like, of course, some sort of trimming about the upper part?"

"Well, dear, I was thinking not. I've been thinking for months how I'd have these made, but now I've seen yours, my mind's made up — if you don't mind an old woman copying you," she said hastily.

This decided it, but, oh! the despair with which Dorothy turned over the material! Never mind; at least one princess dress must come out of that gray silk, and Dorothy remembered a lace fichu in her trunk. If her aunt should recognize that the dress was hardly suited to her style she would give it to her and a graceful result would be attained.

Never will Dorothy forget the trying on of that dress, the disappointed look in dear, innocent Aunt Bevan's eyes as she found that, do what Dorothy would to make it fit, it hung only in straight lines. To get presentable breadths of silk to make this failure, poor Dorothy had planned and joined (invisibly, as she hoped) till her back and head ached. After this Mrs. Bevan said, resignedly: "I expect, Dodo, it takes a pretty smart hand to that style of dress, so don't worry yourself about it; just do anything to make it decent."

Dorothy, left to her own devices, went to work, and by dint of ingenuity and infinite

labor in a couple of months Mrs. Bevan's wardrobe was renovated.

Dorothy had from the first set herself against swelling the army of women who struggle to gain their bread genteelly. She meant to use the shelter she had to enable her to become more expert at dressmaking. True, she was under the disadvantage of being out of the city, yet in the neighboring town there were fashionable women handsomely dressed, stores where there were patterns, and she could write for other things.

Mrs. Bevan, although she lived so plainly, was on visiting terms with most of her richer neighbors, and carefully kept up her social interests as well as the circumstance of having but one horse, which was often engaged agriculturally, allowed. As soon as her wardrobe was in order, she started forth at Dorothy's request to proclaim the fact that her niece would do dressmaking.

"Shall I say, dear, that you, having a knack that way, and I'm sure you have, for this dress is lovely, are going to make a little pocket money?"

"No! aunt; say I have to earn my living, and will do it by dressmaking."

After this Dorothy had work. She found, however, that the ladies who could afford to pay well had their work done in the city and only gave her old dresses to make over, or house dresses, for which they expected to pay very little, although the making over of a well-worn, old dress into something stylish took far more brain work and time than the new work would have done. After she spent a whole week over a dress, doing miracles, as she knew, with the materials, if the result was not exactly that of a new dress, she could see that her customer was not pleased, and by such work as this she would have to sit very close to make four or five dollars a week. But this was all easy to the wonderful tasks expected of her by some of the farmers' wives. A limp and much made over black silk was required to be made into a modern "polonay" with the drapings, etc., and if doubt was expressed as to the possibility, —

"Why you don't say? All that whole silk dress not make a polonay? Well, then, you 'll have to do the best you can," etc., etc.

But even these cases were not so bad as the new dresses, generally sleazy twenty-cent representations of something that would cost a dollar, materials which frayed at every touch; generally the pattern was short, and invariably the customer had in her mind's eye the rich or graceful draperies of some well-dressed woman, whose gown she fondly hoped her own would resemble. So when these draperies did not drape, and the folds would not flow, Dorothy's cheeks had to burn under the disappointment of the too often angry woman.

And so six months passed, during which her experience in ultra-economical cooking had grown apace, and her note-book had several additions which her friends shall be made acquainted with later. But her hope of earning anything more than bread by dressmaking was fading. She could just pay her own and May's way at her aunt's, and

that was all. She recognized the fact that, although she knew with good materials she could make a dress fairly well, better than many dressmakers, to do any good in it as a business she must make a dress *better* than most, and as well as any. This she began to see she never would do. She was too old to begin at the very beginning, and sewing was not her forte.

"I should never do much at it, and, like everything else, unless you can compete with the best you must not expect to make more than a bare subsistence."

May had during this time painted dinner cards, exactly like those ordered in their first need by some of their friends, and full of confidence had taken them to a dealer in New York, who had very gently told her that they were not up to his mark. She learned also at the same time that the price he could pay even for work that suited him was about one third what was paid by her friends. Then she had met a young lady friend of Mrs. Bevan's who eked out her

income by doing art work for the Woman's Exchange and advised May to send work there. Dorothy, willing that May should have a chance if possible, bought a ticket, and May, once more hopeful, painted cards and plaques and menus and sent them in, and then confidently awaited the result. Her efforts were not above the average, and in six months her returns had been under ten dollars.

Dorothy was discouraged. She kept bravely at her work, and her aunt declared her life was made bright by her, yet she began to see she had better leave May and seek a position as housekeeper, but, as even that must first be found, she spent some of her precious dollars and advertised every week for two months — and nothing came or seemed likely to come of it. Mrs. Bevan had felt very sure, when Dorothy first spoke of her plan, that among some of her correspondents, most of them rich people, there would be one who would jump at the chance of having her niece, and then followed a

vigorous course of letter-writing; but as is always the case, one had known of something just suitable a few months ago, another might soon require assistance, but no one at this time seemed to need Dorothy.

One day May returned from the city, where she had been to see after her interests at the Woman's Exchange, and said, petulantly flinging down a package of her paintings, returned unsold: —

"I declare I don't believe anything sells at that place but cakes! I went to the cake counter and bought my lunch, and I heard the attendant say they could sell any amount of really fine cake! And that in an artistic place, supposed to be for the encouragement of lady's work!"

Dorothy had started up.

"Cake, May?"

"Yes, and I believe the business is brisker there than in any other part of the exchange."

"Cake! Well, at least, I can make cake as well as any one."

Dorothy's eyes shone brilliantly, and she lost the languid air that she had lately worn.

"You don't mean to tell us, Dorothy, that you're going to cook for a living?" cried May. This was even worse than dressmaking.

"Indeed I will, if I can get it to do, for that at least I can do better than most, and what I can't do perfectly now I can easily learn."

CHAPTER III.

DOROTHY TRIES A NEW BUSINESS.

MAY'S petulant remark had stirred up new thoughts in Dorothy's mind. She suddenly remembered a visit she had made months before to a lady boarding in a hotel in the city, and some remarks of hers apropos of cake.

The lady made tea with a gas kettle in her room, and, handing a cup to her visitor, said, as she passed it: —

"I wish I could say this cake is decent. I sent for it to the Woman's Exchange instead of to a first-rate confectioner's, thinking my few cents might help to encourage more deserving women than myself, and this is my reward," she said, handing a slice to Dorothy.

"Why, this is not bad cake, is it?" said

Dorothy, to whom it seemed fairly good if it had been fresh.

"Not bad cake!" cried her friend; "do you realize, my dear, that I paid a dollar for this tiny cake; that I asked for pound-cake, because that would keep for months, and I get a sort of extra good cup-cake made with baking powder, such as I could buy at any bakery for half the money! I was speaking of it to another friend, who said she had tried to get really fine sponge-cake and paid the price for it, but it was simply like common bakery sponge-cake as dry as sawdust—talk of women's work! How can one help women except as a matter of charity? If ever I buy cake again at the Exchange it will be because I want to bestow my money, not because it suits me to buy there."

In better days Dorothy had often gone to this particular Woman's Exchange to make Christmas presents, and she knew some of the ladies connected with it. She made up her mind to go there now on a different errand.

The next morning she started off. The city was some twenty miles from Plumpstead; it had been much nearer her old home, which, perhaps I have not said, was a fashionable suburban town about an equal distance from two great cities.

When she arrived at the quiet house in which the Exchange had its quarters, she could not help contrasting her present errand with many former ones. May's artistic efforts had of course left nothing of their present circumstances in doubt.

She went straight to the department devoted to prepared food, and spoke to the attendant in charge of it.

"I want you to be kind enough to tell me what articles you have a ready sale for."

"We have a ready sale for almost anything that is very good."

"Do you mean good of the kind?"

"Not that exactly, because ladies who purchase here like to find something better than ordinary; for that reason we have less demand for things in the way of cakes that

can be bought cheaply anywhere; less demand for cookies and plain home-made things than for the finer cakes. Indeed, we could sell more really fine cake than we get."

"I should like to make and send in some really fine cakes that I know of. How can I tell about prices? I know you require people to put their own prices."

"Yes, and we charge ten per cent. commission. If the articles are just what they should be, we find no difficulty in getting good prices for them."

"Do you suppose you could sell marzipan?"

"Oh dear me, yes; we have so many German ladies who come to buy, and at holiday time we could sell a great deal of that. But you must remember that it may be some little time before it gets known that we have such a thing, and it will be better to send very little of anything at first; then if the articles are found to be really good, ladies will order."

Dorothy thanked the attendant for her courtesy and left.

She was very full of hope that she had at last found something which she could really do, and which was wanted, but she was so short of money that she did not dare to buy more than just enough ingredients for the trial effort.

She had decided to send in a loaf of a cake that had always been a great success when she made it at home, and was indeed invented by herself for her father, who did not like fruit-cake, yet was very fond of almonds and citron, and which she called Genoa cake, because, while differing from the usual Genoa cake, it yet had the outward appearance of one.

For this cake she required : —

One half pound of shelled almonds.

One half pound of citron.

One half pound of powdered sugar.

One half pound of butter.

One half pound of flour.

Five eggs.

A small wine-glass of sherry.

One (or two, if not strong) tablespoonfuls of rose-water.

For the marzipan, too, she needed almond paste; she could not afford to buy a box from the grocer, and to get less she knew she must send or go to the maker. It was a long car ride out of her way, and as she had learnt from Aunt Bevan shrewdly to count the five-cent expenses, it added at least ten cents a pound to her material.

"But then, as the almonds there are only thirty-three cents a pound, and forty-five cents elsewhere, that will balance, and if these things sell I will at once put the money they bring into more materials."

The citron also must be bought in town, and a little fine flour.

Dorothy had, when she went to Mrs. Bevan, twenty dollars and some jewelry. Her mourning had been unnecessarily handsome, for it was not till after it was ordered that she knew the change in their fortunes. Then the dressmaker had consented to dispose of all the more costly garments; but what she was forced to take for herself and May, although the plainest, were the best

of their kind. She regretted this now, but the time came when she learnt the value of being well dressed — the buffer that handsome dress forms between a woman and the jostling world.

The twenty dollars had been diminished by May's car fares, painting materials, and their joint necessities, and the subscription to the Woman's Exchange, until but five dollars remained to her. The little she had made by dressmaking had just sufficed to pay her own and May's share of Mrs. Bevan's expenses, and she had seen with terror the prospect of being penniless. She was not sufficiently familiar with poverty to remember that selling her jewels would give her funds. She was nervously anxious now to reserve as much as possible of this tiny capital. Suppose the cake did not sell, it would not be wasted, because they could eat it, for, happily, it would keep, but she would have so much less money to try other things. She had not offered sponge-cake, for which she also had been famous, among their friends,

because it would not keep well, and would require replenishing frequently if not sold. Butter and eggs she could get in the country, but her aunt's flour was not adapted for fine cakes, so she must take that from town with her. She smiled as she thought that four pounds of pastry flour, one of almonds and one of almond paste, with the citron and sugar, would be rather unsightly bundles and accord ill with her stylish appearance; but Dorothy had cast away from her, so far as she could, the burden of unnecessary pride, and contentedly trudged to the depot with her very evident grocery packages. She had bought on her way ten cents' worth of rose-water, and saw by the very little she got how much dearer things must be to the working poor than to the rich, for it was not the sixth part of a thirty-five cent bottle.

The next day Dorothy began to make her cake. She was rather nervous, for, often as she had made it in old times, for a year she had not thought of it.

"Oh, aunt, I once made this cake and it

had a heavy streak in the centre. I knew the cause, but this oven is strange to me; suppose this one should have it; I can't know it, for I dare not cut it."

"What was the cause of the streak?"

"It was taken out of the oven too soon. I gave orders about the baking, saw the heat of the oven, and my wise cook thought I must be mistaken in the time, and that it could not need more than an hour; so she heated up the oven, and took it out when it was brown. I should not have known it had I not accidentally seen the cake was out of the oven long before its time."

Dorothy first separated her eggs and beat both whites and yolks, weighed and put to get dry and warm half a pound of flour, weighed butter and sugar and almonds of each half a pound; then she blanched the almonds by pouring boiling water on them; then slipping them out of the skins, which are quite loose when scalded, she laid them between a cloth to dry while she cut the citron, first in thin strips, then in half inch

pieces. The almonds were divided into two equal parts, the first chopped as small as peas and put to the citron, the other chopped a little finer and set aside; she dredged a little flour among the citron and large chopped almonds, shook them together and put them to warm, but not get hot. Dorothy had everything she needed round her, and put away everything she did not want before she got her hands into the cake. Mrs. Bevan had contributed a glass of a treasured bottle of sherry, and then the work began.

The butter and sugar (the latter slightly warmed) were put into a bowl, and Dorothy with her right hand at first worked, then beat them back and forth, until they were nearly white and like cream, then the beaten yolks of the eggs were gradually added, beating all the time; the wine was poured in little by little, then the rose-water.

"That is one thing, one can't depend on measuring rose-water, I find. I dare say this, bought by the small quantity, is weak,

so, aunty, you must help me to taste; the flavor goes off a little in baking, therefore it must really be perceptible now."

A tablespoonful was used and pronounced not perceptible, and more added till one could just tell rose-water was there. After five minutes' more beating, the flour was gently sifted in, and the whites of the eggs. It was now a very stiff batter, which Dorothy beat five minutes more, and then the almonds and citron were added, and just stirred in, but not beaten at all. The whole was now poured into the pan, which was lined with buttered paper, and the remainder of the almonds sprinkled very carefully and evenly over the surface until the batter was nearly hidden by them. The cover of a cardboard box was laid lightly on the cake and it was put into the oven.

"You are sure you want the oven as cool as that, Dora?" asked Mrs. Bevan, who was a deeply interested looker-on.

"Yes, aunt; it must be what you would call a cool bread oven, about 230°, if we

had an oven thermometer, which if I do much cooking I shall get. I shall leave the cover on for one hour, then let it brown, or rather become a fine salmonish yellow; if it shows signs of getting darker before the cake is done the cover goes on again, but with a steady oven I don't believe it will. While it bakes I shall make just a little marzipan. But as I was told that it may not sell, because they have never had it before, I shall only use six ounces of almond paste for it."

"Marzipan! what is that?"

"Oh, a favorite German goody. I know of Germans in New York who send to Hamburg for it, and others who get it at the German bakeries, but sugar being cheaper than almonds it is apt to have too large a proportion, and to be like plaster."

Dorothy put one pound of white sugar into a small, thick saucepan with a gill of water, and let them boil till the syrup hung in a long thread; then she set the saucepan to cool while she weighed six ounces of almond paste and cut it small.

When the syrup was a little cool she beat it, at first with a spoon, then worked it like dough between her hands, then laid aside one third; the other two thirds she put back into the saucepan with the almond paste and a tablespoonful of rose-water, and stirred it over the fire till the sugar had melted to cream and the paste blended with it. She had to be very careful to prevent burning. When the mass got stiff like dough and no longer clung to the saucepan, but left it white, the marzipan was done; she put it to cool. When cool enough to handle she sifted powdered sugar on a pasty board and kneaded it a minute like bread, then formed it into a square cake two inches thick; it was now ready for icing.

The cake, after it had been baking an hour and three quarters, was tried by inserting a broom twig, which came forth dry.

"It is done, aunty, and looks pretty."

"Dear me, my dear, that is a picture!"

And so it was in the way of cake. It had not risen very much, but very evenly; the

cake and almonds were all the color of a finely baked macaroon, not a bit brown, but all a fine deep yellow.

"Oh, aunt, what would I give to cut that and know that it is just right."

"Oh, my dear, it must be right."

"I think so."

Nevertheless, half a dozen times Dorothy looked and doubted and weighed it in her hand — sometimes thinking it was heavy, at others that it was not.

"I shall feel as if I were in the dentist's chair till I hear from it," said Dorothy.

"You need not fear, my dear; I know enough of pound-cake, which that is, all but the fruit, to feel sure it is just right," said kind Mrs. Bevan, who has great faith in her niece.

CHAPTER IV.

FRENCH ICING. — GENOA CAKE. — STUMBLING-BLOCKS IN DOROTHY'S WAY.

"I 'M waiting to see, Dora, how you are going to ice that marzipan with that stuff; why, it 's as hard as cheese," said Mrs. Bevan, who had just given another admiring peep at the Genoa cake; "I declare, that cake looks just like a great big macaroon!"

"This icing is what the French call *fondant* or 'melting icing,' and although it won't do for plum-cake so well as regular frosting, it is far pleasanter to eat, and is the fashion for all other cakes just now, and the beauty of it is you can make a good deal of it, put it in a jar and cover it with oiled paper, and it will keep for months. I found this out for myself, accidentally, for I never have seen the fact mentioned in books."

As she spoke, Dorothy took the third part of the boiled sugar she had laid aside, and put it in a small bowl, which she set into a small saucepan of boiling water over the fire, and then stirred until the mass became soft and creamy. "But, surely, that will go back to clear syrup, Dora."

"No, aunt, not if it is kept stirred; but if it were left alone that is just what it would do."

When quite liquid she added a few drops of rose-water to it, stirred it, and then poured it over the marzipan, using a warm knife to spread it, till it looked like enamel.

"Now about the price to ask?"

"I have bought pound-cake and had to pay seventy-five to eighty cents, but I think if I can make a very good thing a little cheaper than the large stores, it will be better, — they have such enormous expenses; but let me first see what the cake has cost, and on account of the almonds this cake costs more to make than pound-cake."

She reckoned her cost, allowing for the

thirteenth part of a bottle of sherry seven cents, and three cents for rose-water: —

	Cents.
Half pound of almonds at thirty-two cents per pound	16
Half pound of citron	15
Half pound of sugar	5
Half pound of butter	13
Half pound of flour	2
Five eggs	12
Sherry and rose-water	10
Total	73

"Of course, eggs and butter will get dearer, so I must charge now to cover that. Now we must weigh the cake."

It weighed two ounces less than three pounds.

Dorothy considered, then said: —

"If I charge seventy cents a pound that will give me $1.85 for three pounds and allow for the commission; this is doubling my money and allowing for extra cost in winter."

"You forget expressage," said Mr. Bevan.

"No, I do not; that takes two articles, and will, I hope, in future take more. The marzipan cost me twenty-two cents (eleven cents almond paste; ten cents sugar; rose-water, one cent), and it cannot be bought under sixty cents a pound. I will charge fifty outside the commission."

"Well, you 'll come out with your money doubled, I guess, even if eggs and butter go up ten cents, if your articles sell," said Mr. Bevan. "But if you had gone properly to work and bought things sensibly, you would have made more."

"Next time, uncle," laughed Dorothy.

The next thing Dorothy had to think of was the packing, and this apparently simple matter was one of such difficulty that she resolved never to be caught so unprepared again.

"How in this world that cake is to be packed without breaking off the almonds I can't see, Dora?"

"I must manage, aunt; if I had only some cotton batting."

"If that 'll help I have a bundle in the garret, new and white, that I bought for a quilt and have n't used."

"Oh, thank you, aunt," cried Dora, infinitely relieved and feeling as if the question was solved. She had decided to pack the cake in a cardboard box she had brought in her trunk which had once covered some choice books, but now had been used for ribbons and odds and ends; this Mr. Bevan had promised to nail up in slats to prevent crushing. From the same trunk came several sheets of soft white paper, which she meant to wrap around the cake: they were taken down to the kitchen and laid in readiness; a window was open and one of the thin sheets blew up against Dorothy's face.

"Oh, aunt, what shall I do? This paper actually smells perfumed."

"Why, my dear, how can that be?"

"Oh, I hardly know; everything in my trunk has a certain perfumery odor, though I have never deliberately perfumed it." Then struck by a thought, she seized the

box. Yes, that too had the same fragrance, very sweet, but not to be used for packing eatables. It was perfectly absurd, but they were three miles from a store, and for the sake of a few sheets of paper and a box a day must be lost, — and she wanted the cake to go at its freshest, — or else some one must drive there and back, and then go again in order to express it.

Mr. Bevan was peculiar, and she did not know whether he would care to take the horse out twice, but to her relief he offered to go, and now instead of the cardboard box, a small grocer's box was to be brought.

May was meanwhile painting steadily in the parlor; she did not approve of the cooking idea, and felt convinced that Dora would lower herself for nothing, for it was not likely that cake-making could pay as well as painting. Why, as a matter of fact, any common, uneducated woman could make cake!

When Mr. Bevan returned, the cake, with the paper it was baked in, was laid on a

sheet of the new white paper and another laid over the top, and then a thick layer of cotton batting, then another sheet of paper, and then the marzipan was laid on that; with more cotton batting to preserve the icing, the box carefully packed with old newspapers until the cake would not move, the cover was nailed on, addressed, and Mr. Bevan started for the express office, so that it might go out with the next train.

"Oh, aunt, if that only sells, and I can get orders for other things! I know several things I used to try to make for fun that would be salable, I think."

"How ever did you learn that marzipan and icing?"

"The icing I got from Gouffé's book. I used to have orange and lemon peels candied at home, and I saw in Gouffé that boiled sugar allowed to cool, then beaten, made what he calls *tablettes fondant*. Once I had a full cup of the candy left from peels, and thought I would see if that was true; for he says, 'when well beaten it can

be rolled out like dough.' This I could hardly believe, but so it proved. When I saw small expensive cakes were iced with a waxy sort of icing, I put two and two together, and I saw it was the same thing. A German governess showed me the marzipan, and through that I learned to make macaroons, but the way in which I found out how to save beating almonds I have always been rather proud of. I no sooner discovered I could make macaroons than a recollection came into my mind of a large green cart I had seen in the city some time before, and as it drove along I read in large gold letters, 'Almond Paste;' that was all, but along the roof was a board, with 'For Confectioners' Use.' I got papa to look the matter up in the directory, and he found out the maker. I sent for a box and it proved excellent, not only for macaroons, but marzipan and many other things. That is several years ago; now it is sold in many stores."

"You talk of putting two and two to-

gether. When you sent me a box of orange and lemon peel, although I could n't see how you had done them, I knew that one could just as well do fruit that way as not."

"Why, of course! what a good idea, aunty, and surely candied fruit would be salable! What a pity the season is over; I would practice."

"Well, as far as that goes you can practice on pears. We 've a tree of preserving pears just ready to gather, and I 'm going to do some up this week."

"The very thing! and I 've other practicing in my head which will prevent any worrying till I hear from the Exchange. I am almost sorry I was so prudent and did not take your advice."

It had been discussed whether Dorothy had not better spend the railway fare and take her parcel to the Exchange, but there was very little money in her purse, and if this should not sell it would be so much added loss. Mr. Bevan had pooh-poohed and told Dorothy she was not fit for business if she would risk nothing.

"You might just as well, Dorothy, begin comfortably, and order in a decent supply for what you need, instead of doing things in this peddling way; you can pay when things are sold; why, look at the waste! twenty-five cents expressage on one cake, and the extra price you had to pay for what you bought to make it! That is the way women do business."

"It 's a safe way, uncle. I know just what I lose, but if I bought in quantity I might not be able to pay. At all events, I 'll creep before I walk, and we 'll hope I may be able to run some time."

Next day Dorothy was peeling pears bright and early, dropping each one into water as she did so to prevent discoloring. When ready she took the same water and put to one quart of it a pint of sugar, dropped into a small preserving kettle a dozen pears, which she meant to experiment with, poured the sugar and water over them and let them gently boil, skimming often, till she could run a straw through the pears;

then she took them out and put the syrup where it would boil very fast, and added to it another pint of sugar. When it was thick, clear, and well skimmed, the pears were put back and left to boil slowly until very rich and clear, but she watched for any sign of breaking. When done they were left in the syrup till next day.

"Aunty, I am enthusiastic; now have n't you some nice firm peaches preserved?"

"Of course I have."

"Then let me have a few. I am so eager I can't wait for the pears. I have just been reading up 'French Dried Fruits,' and it says, take them out of rich syrup and lay them on a sieve."

"My dear, I 've been through all that, and I 've failed over and over. They never will dry, they seem to run juice forever; at least, I 've left them in a cool oven for days."

"Then that 's just because there 's something left out of the recipes."

"I 've got some noted cook books, and all say the same, as if it was the easiest thing to do."

Then ensued a comparison of cooking books. Dorothy knew if her aunt said she had followed directions strictly that she really had done so, but the directions were the same in all.

"Then I 'm going to try several ways."

She took half a dozen halved peaches, beautifully clear and firm; two she covered thickly with sugar, thinking to absorb juice; from two she wiped the juice with a wet cloth; the other two she passed quickly through boiling water, laid them on a clean cloth and gently dabbed the water away. She put all six on a sieve on the back of the stove (the oven was too hot); at night they were put in the oven with the door open.

The next morning Dorothy uttered a little cry of pleasure. Two pieces of peach were as wet as ever and much smaller; two others had a circle of candy around them; the other two that had been washed and dried were nearly dry on the upper side, adhering very slightly to the finger when touched.

"Eureka! Aunty, I 've solved the problem, I think." She turned the pieces of half-dried peach and took the pears out of the syrup, dipped each one by the stem into boiling water, dried it; then it occurred to her that if she laid a napkin over the sieve it would help still better to absorb moisture. She covered the napkin with powdered sugar, and stood the pears, stem up and not touching each other, on it. During that day and the next the oven was given up to the experiment, the door kept open, and the fruit turned frequently. The second day Dorothy made a syrup of a pint of sugar and one gill of water, boiled it to a thread, stirred the syrup while hot till it looked a little milky, and then dipped each pear into it; the sieve was thickly powdered with sugar, and the pears, after she had drained as much candy as possible from them, were laid on it, and it was again put in the cool oven and the pears often turned. This was how Dorothy learned to candy fruit. It was so expensive to buy, and she

felt so sure she could find a ready sale for it at the Exchange, that she was delighted.

This day, too, brought her a letter from the Woman's Exchange.

"Ah, aunty, I am afraid to open it," said Dorothy, as she saw where it came from.

"Never mind, dear; if it's bad news you 've only to try again," said Mrs. Bevan.

CHAPTER V.

MACAROONS. — VENETIAN CAKES. — CUCUMBER RAGOUT. — AMERICAN WALNUT CATSUP. — CANNED APPLE SAUCE.

But Dorothy's fears were groundless; the note ran thus: —

"Dear Madam, — The Genoa cake is sold. We have an order for another. You might send two. Do you make macaroons?"

It may seem as silly to some readers as it did to May, but Dorothy felt a glow of triumph akin in a small way, perhaps, to that which a young author may feel the first time he is accepted — (No, no other rapture of success can ever be akin to that.) She glowed and laughed, and dreamed dreams — prosy dreams, if you like — but Dorothy's highest ideal of good at this time was independence for herself and sister.

No such feeling of satisfaction and hope as this had come to her when she received four dollars for the first dress she had made — but she felt now that she had a fairer field. Dressmakers were everywhere, but she could do three or four things in the way of cooking that few but professional pastry cooks would be likely to do, and she blessed the girlish "hobby" that had led her to try to excel in this direction.

"I think now, aunty, I may risk the money and go to the city. I shall have more courage now. I will write a large card, and if I find they have not made it conspicuous at the Exchange that they have marzipan, I will ask them to lay the card on it, and, to make it more likely to catch the eye, I will put a bow of scarlet satin at the top corner."

"Dorothy, I do believe you were cut out for a business woman," said Mrs. Bevan.

"Don't say so; I hope, if I do business, I shall do it promptly and properly; but the two or three 'business women' I have met,

in spite, sometimes, of good manners, have been pushing, hard, and unscrupulous, where their own interests were concerned. It has seemed to take away all nobility of feeling. I pray money-making may never make me do a thing for business' sake that I should shrink from doing as a private lady."

"You are young and generous, dear, but you know what Goldsmith says: 'Oh, the meannesses poverty makes us guilty of!'"

"Yes, but it is not poverty; it seems to me that it is after prosperity sets in that the eager desire to make money causes people to forget all but bare honesty. Honor and delicacy become mere romance. I suppose it is so with prosperous men also, but one notices it less."

"I hope, dear Dorothy, you will have an opportunity of resisting the hardening effect of prosperity."

Dorothy laughed as she said, "I think I will make a few macaroons, and take them with me this afternoon. I have almond

paste and sugar in the house, and you have eggs — you will have a market at home now."

ALMOND MACAROONS. — Half a pound of almond paste, whites of three eggs, three quarters of a pound of sugar (sugar and almond paste very carefully weighed).

As Dorothy separated the whites from the yolks of the eggs, she looked at the latter a minute, then said to her aunt, —

"Those yolks will dry up if they are not used at once, and you are so busy with your apples — I believe I 'll use them for Venetian cakes — and not go to town till to-morrow morning when I can take both." As she spoke she put two teaspoonfuls of water to the yolks, and beat them to prevent the dry skin which so soon forms on them. Then she set them in a cold place and proceeded to make the macaroons. She first chopped the almond paste in a chopping bowl (this was only to save the labor of breaking it all with a fork). Then the whites of eggs and sugar were beaten as for icing, and

the chopped almond paste added to it and mashed against the side of the bowl with the back of a fork; when all was well mixed, and looked like very soft biscuit dough, she put a small piece of buttered paper in a patty pan and half a teaspoonful of the macaroon mixture on it, and set it in the oven, both to try the heat and also the consistence. Sometimes if the whites of the eggs are very large or very small, the mixture will be too thin or too stiff; in the latter case, the macaroon will not melt down in the oven to a good shape, but will be "rocky" looking; if too thin it will run too much, and be too flat and brittle, like "kisses" when cold.

While the macaroon was baking, Dorothy cut some sheets of thin wrapping paper the size of the dripping pans, greased the sheets with lard, and laid one in each of them; she blanched the rest of the almonds, and chopped a tablespoonful of them till they were about the size of split peas.

The macaroon in the oven proved a little soft; there were two ways of remedying it,

by stirring in more sugar, or using a teaspoonful of flour. Dorothy chose the flour, sifting it in gently. Then with a spoon she dropped pieces as large as a nutmeg, an inch and a half apart, in rows on the greased papers, using a fork to push the paste from the spoon; on the centre of each she placed, with just enough pressure to keep it, a pinch of the chopped almonds — in melting down they would spread and arrange themselves. One pan was put in the oven, which was moderately hot (not cool, as many books direct), while she dropped another panful. Then she opened the oven door; the macaroons had been ten minutes in the oven, had risen, and she very gently lifted them to the upper shelf, carefully shielding them from draught or cold air, and put the other panful in. Now she had to watch carefully, for they must not be much darker than straw-color, and while she watched she sliced four ounces of the blanched almonds for the Venetian cakes. When these were finished her first panful of macaroons was done.

"Why, Dorothy," said Aunt Bevan, "these are as handsome as any I ever saw at the best confectioner's."

"Of course they are," said Dorothy; "I should never be satisfied if any one could tell they were not 'boughten.' I like home-made things, but I don't want them to look home-made, nor even as if they were bought at a cheap confectioner's."

She put the pan on the table out of a draught with greatest care, for while hot the least jar will cause macaroons to sink. Nor, although she was waiting for the pan, could she take them off it till a little cool, but she had a sheet of paper ready and dropped more on that, while she waited, then attended to those in the oven, and by that time the macaroons could be lifted gently, paper and all, from the pan, but she made no attempt even now to remove them from the paper. That could only be done when nearly or quite cold. She threw a cloth over the part of the table on which they lay, to prevent them becoming brittle, and having put more

macaroons in the oven, she proceeded to make Venetian cakes.

VENETIAN CAKES.— A quarter of a pound of butter, washed free from salt, the same weight of powdered sugar beaten till like hard sauce, the yolks of three eggs then added; when well mixed the four ounces of sliced almonds were stirred in and well-beaten; last of all six ounces of very dry flour was sifted in and the mixture stirred, not beaten. This paste should be like very soft biscuit dough; if too sticky to handle, dredge in more flour, and instead of flour, sugar must be used in making it into little balls the size of a hickory nut.

Every now and then Dorothy had stopped her work to attend to the macaroons, which were now all done and the pans free for Venetian cakes. As Dorothy made them into balls she set them an inch and a half apart. They had to be very carefully handled, being so soft; and the adding of more flour is to be, if possible, avoided. She wet the top of each, sifted sugar over them, and

put half of an almond in the centre of each. When they were baked straw-color they were done. By this time the macaroons could be removed from the paper. Nearly all came off easily, but there were a few here and there that had baked a little too slowly on the bottom and stuck. The remedy was to moisten the paper slightly on the wrong side. There were between seventy and eighty macaroons and nearly a dozen of these did not look to Dorothy's fastidious eye quite so handsome as they ought; sometimes one or two on a sheet would have sunk in — and a few were too dark for perfection, being almost brown. All these Dorothy laid aside for home use, the rest she carefully packed into a little fruit basket. She had weighed them and found she had one or two over a pound, and the Venetian cakes which she packed into another basket weighed about the same, after she had removed those that were misshapen.

"Now I must reckon cost," she said, taking pencil and paper. "For macaroons: —

	Cents.
Almond paste, half pound	16
Sugar, three quarter pound	7
Eggs (3)	7

"The best macaroons are eighty cents a pound, and I can get seventy-five cents; that will pay commission and more than double my money, and so allow for eggs becoming dearer."

"And the yolks go into the other cakes."

"Yes. I must always manage to make something that needs no white of egg; the same as macaroons. The cost of the Venetian cake is:

	Cents.
One fourth pound butter	7
One half pound almonds	8
One fourth pound sugar	2
Six ounces of flour	2
Total	19

"But no one would believe they were fine cakes if I ask only forty cents a pound. I must consult the attendant."

Mrs. Bevan had a great basket of apples by her side, which she was paring with a machine fastened to the table.

"Tell me what is for dinner, aunt. I've done now, and will cook it so that you need not leave off."

"Thank you. I was thinking we might have something savory. We've had the vegetables dressed with butter and flour several days, so if you'll attend to them we might have fried cucumbers and onions. I peeled the cucumber and put it to drain before I began these apples."

Dorothy prepared the other vegetables for dinner, and then made the dish which was always a favorite one in that frugal household, which Mrs. Bevan called

CUCUMBER RAGOUT. — An equal quantity of cucumber, sliced (as thick as a silver dollar) and drained, and of onions and tomatoes also sliced. Put a tablespoonful of lard or nice drippings in a frying-pan; lay in the onions. When the fat is very hot, flour the slices of cucumber, lay them in also, and let both onions and cucumber thoroughly brown; they will shrink considerably. When they are brown, not be-

fore, lay in the sliced and peeled tomatoes, a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter blended, and half a pint of water, a teaspoonful of salt, and as much pepper as would go on the end of a knife. All to stew together for half an hour; when done a tablespoonful of home-made walnut catsup was added. Dorothy took the precaution of peeling the onions in a pan of cold water that her hands might be neither stained nor affected by the odor of onions.

Mrs. Bevan's walnut catsup was made from the black walnuts that grew in their door-yard, and was so good a substitute for the imported article, and gave so pleasant a zest to many of her frugal dishes, that I transcribe it from Dorothy's note-book for the benefit of those who may like to make their own store sauce.

American Walnut Catsup. — Take 100 green walnuts while you can run a knitting-needle through them. Sprinkle half a pound of salt over them, after bruising them. Let them remain in a wooden vessel

six days or eight, beating and mashing them well every day. When they are soft and pulpy, press them well, pile them up on one side the tub, and tilt it so that the juice runs to the other side; take this out from day to day, always pounding the nuts afresh and pressing them to the side till the liquid ceases to flow; simmer the liquid till no more scum rises; then to every three quarts of it add two ounces of best ginger, two ounces of allspice, one of whole pepper, one of cloves, all bruised; boil slowly half an hour; bottle when quite cold, dividing the spice so that each bottle may get its own proportion. They must be quite full, tightly corked and dipped into melted resin, or bottle wax; lay them on their sides in a dry, cool place. It is good in six months, but better in a year.

"What ever are you paring such numbers of apples for, aunt?" asked Dorothy, when she had set the dinner going.

"To dry, my dear. These fall pippins don't keep; none of our apples do, and the

only way I can have any in winter is to dry them. I make a little jelly, but I never succeeded in canning them to keep well."

"But, aunt, we boarded one fall in a New England village, and the farmer's wife used to make the most delicious apple sauce for winter, without sugar. It cost nothing but the trouble and the cans. I could not believe it would keep without sweetening, but she gave me some to take home. It was just like fresh-made sauce in January — better, indeed, than I have made from late winter apples."

Mrs. Bevan looked up from her paring, her eyes quite wistful.

"If I was sure of that I would n't dry one? If there 's anything I dislike it 's dried apples. Yet they are better for health's sake than nothing in the way of fruit."

"At least, aunt, let 's risk it and try; why not use these very apples! I 'll help you core and cut."

"Just as you say, child, but I must say I can't see if apple marmalade keeps badly why this will not."

"All I know is that it does n't."

APPLE SAUCE THAT WILL KEEP. — "The apples are cut into slices with just as little water as will keep them from burning, covered the first half hour to steam them soft, then uncovered and stewed two or three hours slowly till they are smooth and the juice has boiled down and the sauce rather thick; then it is put into hot cans, brimming full, pushed down to let out air; the tops must also be hot, screwed on quickly and as tightly as possible, and that is all!"

The apple sauce was made that afternoon; the next morning Dorothy went to town. What befell her there must be left for the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW IDEAS AND NEW OPENINGS.

DOROTHY left Plumstead very early, that she might have a long day in town, and reached the Exchange while the attendant of the cake counter was arranging the show-case, brushing out crumbs, rearranging the cakes, etc. She smiled on seeing Dorothy.

"Your cake took every one's eye. I was sorry for your sake that it sold at once, for I am sure others would have been ordered. One of our managers bought it."

"Have you heard how it was liked?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes, the same lady wants another next week, and the one for which I sent you an order was for a friend of hers. I think if you made one to be cut and sold by the pound it would be a good idea, because one can then see what kind of cake it is."

Dorothy was infinitely relieved to find that the cake had been approved.

"I will not only make one to cut for sale, but if you like you may give any one who wishes a sample."

"I would advise you, then, to have a pound cut and distributed among the lady managers; they are excellent judges of real good things," she said smiling.

"Certainly; I am only too thankful to you for your suggestion," said Dorothy. "I have brought you a few macaroons and Venetian cakes — if you think they will sell" —

"Oh, those will sell readily enough," said the attendant, whom I will call Miss Cox. "Macaroons are always in demand, and such as we have had were not nearly so handsome as these, yet they sold because they were home-made. Those little cakes will sell, too, if they are as good as they look. We can sell anything that is really good."

"And what price do you think I ought to ask?"

"You can get sixty to seventy-five cents

for all fine small cakes, but of course you must put your own price."

"Sixty cents then, and seventy for the macaroons." Dorothy had looked through the cake case in search of the marzipan, but saw nothing of it, and congratulated herself that it was sold.

"Did the marzipan go, too? I brought a card, as you said ladies might not think to ask for what they would not expect to find, and meant to ask you to put it on."

"The marzipan? Oh, I remember. No, it is not sold." She turned hastily to the shelves behind glass doors at her back, on which were sundry stale cakes and packages. She moved one or two and brought forth the marzipan, and Dorothy shrewdly concluded that it had not been in the case, but had been completely overlooked. It was vexatious, but Dorothy knew she must expect mischances and vexations; so, when the marzipan was now laid in front of the case by the friendly attendant, its icing not quite so pearly as when fresh, she concealed all

trace of annoyance and saw her card laid on it. Then remembering Miss Cox's hint, she said: "I would like to lay a plate of these macaroons and Venetian cakes aside, to be given to the ladies for samples; and now I have brought a list of things I can make, which I will read over, if you will tell me what might be salable: —

"English mock turtle soup.

"Solid consommé for traveling invalids.

"Mince meat.

"Rich plum-cake.

"Sponge-cake.

"English Twelfth cake."

Miss Cox asked to take the list and went to consult some one else; when she returned she said: —

"The mince meat, as Thanksgiving is near, no doubt we could sell, and we will keep a note of the other articles. We have been asked again and again for consommé, but as it will spoil it would be better to supply orders only."

"The solid consommé keeps much better

than the liquid, and will remain good in a cool place some weeks."

"You might send some if you chose, but it is a risk; the plum-cake and sponge-cake will sell too — but of course you stand a better chance of losing nothing by sending only things that will keep well."

Dorothy thanked her and left. As she reached the door a lady who had been at the counter when first she arrived was also leaving, smiled and said: —

"We have both been on the same errand. I also have taken some crullers and jumbles for sale."

"I hope you succeed," said Dorothy.

"Well, they sell sometimes readily enough, then again I send two or three lots and the first are not sold."

"But," said Dorothy, "do they not let you know that no more are required for the present."

"No, that is the only trouble. This Exchange has not been long started, so I suppose they don't manage very well; but I find

I do well enough if I drop in each day to find out what are sold, bring away the stale things, and take fresh."

"And do you find it pays you, may I ask."

"Well, I make very little, two or three dollars some weeks, but I am not good at fancy work and it helps; it is all I can do without leaving home, and then I send to two other exchanges," which she named, "and at one of them I do quite well; you see I make very good crullers, but no one wanted to give more than thirty cents a dozen, so I need to make a great many to bring in a few dollars."

"Don't you think articles that sell for a higher price would pay better?"

"Yes, I make a jelly-cake for fifty cents; in fact, I ring changes on cup-cakes, crullers, jelly-cakes, and cookies."

After a few more pleasant words Dorothy parted from her, with a conviction that if money was to be made in cooking it must be by articles for which the public were ac-

customed to pay high prices, and not for articles they could buy on every block; and she had gleaned a new idea. The two other exchanges mentioned were as accessible from Plumstead as the one she had left. She was not so sanguine as to expect that her work was going to be a sudden success; the most she hoped was that it might be enough to support herself and May while she perfected herself in certain things that were to be her specialties. She was clear-sighted enough to see, and experienced enough to remember, several instances of certain articles becoming the fashion for a year or two, and which could only be obtained from one certain store or person. As if to emphasize this fact, she saw a crowd of people blocking the door of a small store on the thoroughfare a few yards ahead of her, and knew it was one which made a specialty of old-fashioned molasses candy, where she had one day herself waited patiently to get near the counter to purchase. As she was turning over in her

mind what, aside from the Genoa cake, she could make as a specialty, a thought came to her. When she had been in London the year before her father died, she remembered a certain fancy cake, or it might be called "garnished bread," which was the fashion at the five o'clock teas, to many of which she had been, and which were then just coming into vogue in this country. Why should not this novelty, meeting a want as it was said to do, being less dry than cracker, less sweet than cake, more dainty and more appetizing than bread, and withal most ornamental and quite unknown, be successfully introduced by herself? She did not even know a name for them; in London they had always been called by the name of the well-known baker who had brought them into vogue. She smiled to herself as she thought they might be called "Fortescues" or "Dorothys." "No, if I succeed in making them I will call them 'Bevans,' after dear aunt."

She had not much doubt she could suc-

ceed, for she had decided in her own mind how they were made, and had always intended to try them. Now she would lose no time. She had turned back as soon as the idea of the "Bevans" came to her, and retraced her steps to a celebrated English baker's, bought a Sally Lunn, and then took the car down town, went to the almond paste maker, who also had general confectioners' supplies, and ordered a box of paste, five pounds of shelled almonds, and there found waxed paper, which she had seen at confectioners' stores, and had wished for for icing. In a short talk with the young German she learned several things destined to be useful to her, as will be seen ; principally she learned where to buy various articles she needed. She took with her to Plumstead four ounces of pistachio nuts and half a pound of Angelica, all of which she obtained from another dealer in confectioners' supplies whose address he gave her, at much less price than she could have obtained them up town. There were other things she

wanted to buy, but must wait for more money. She had invested almost all she had now in supplies.

. . . . . .

During Dorothy's visit to the city Mrs. Bevan had been busy too: she had taken the horse and buggy and made several visits to her most prosperous and fashionable acquaintances. In her reticule had gone a little box with three or four of the macaroons fastidious Dorothy had rejected, and which Mrs. Bevan knew would be far better, both in appearance and taste, than any obtainable at the country bakeries; several had said at once they would like some macaroons; it was a very easy way of obliging Mrs. Bevan, for whom there was strong liking among many of her friends, and one, Mrs. Bissell, ordered a pound of macaroons and Venetian cakes, or any others Dorothy might make, without for a moment believing that what they said out of kindness and good will could come to pass.

"It will be so nice not to have to send to the city when we want extra fine things."

Mrs. Bevan drove to the station to meet Dorothy with six orders in her pocket-book, but when she saw Dorothy appear she determined to hear her adventures first. When she had told them with a good deal of eagerness she said, "And aunt I do think in a year from now I may have quite a business. At first there will be plenty of hard work, for I have a great deal to learn, and of course I must expect failures and drawbacks, but nothing that is not as perfect as I can make it shall leave my hands. I make that law to myself." Then, as a merry thought struck her, she laughed, "You may pray that my failures may not be too many, aunt, for we shall have to eat them."

"And you think you will send things without orders."

"Yes, I must risk that much. Thanksgiving will soon be here, so I want as soon as possible to send mince meat, and I think I will send some small English mince pies, so that those who like may try the mince

meat before ordering. I will make some solid consommê; the mince meat keeps indefinitely; so will rich cake; so the only risk is with the consommé, and I will not make much. Then I have two more cakes to send, and I want to send a third to be cut and sampled or sold by the pound."

"When is all this to be done?"

"At once, aunt; because the mince meat ought to be there now; and now, as I have come to the end of my money, I must ask you to order from your grocer what I shall need for the first, and we will do it at once if you don't mind."

"No, my child; anything I can do you know will be done gladly. But I 'm afraid your hands will be full; for to tell the truth, Dorothy, I have told some friends of your lovely macaroons (not for the world would the dear old lady have revealed that she had exhibited Dorothy's refuse macaroons), and they nearly all want to try them. I have six orders — three for pounds and three for half pounds."

It did seem to the then inexperienced pair as if there was a good deal to get done in a few days, especially as Dorothy was anxious to make experiments as well, and she now told her aunt about the other exchanges and her desire to become a member as soon as what she made enabled her to pay the fee.

"That need not delay, you can sell some pieces of your jewelry that you don't cling to, or I can lend you the money; we are never quite without, although we are obliged to live so poorly. There is always enough for an emergency."

"Thank you for the thought, aunt, but I never thought of jewels; what do I care for them? I 'll sell them all."

"No, dear, you 'll not get quarter the value, and will regret it some day. Sell just what will bring you twenty dollars, and subscribe at once to the exchanges."

And this she did; that is, she sold a bracelet, but found one of the two exchanges required no introductory fee.

CHAPTER VII.

MINCE MEAT.—MINCE PIES.—CANDIED LEMON.—ORANGE PEEL.

DOROTHY first began the mince meat, which was from an old manuscript book of her mother's. The recipe was as follows (I give prices at once to avoid repetition):

OLD-FASHIONED MINCE MEAT.

	Cents.
1 pound of lean beef (allow four ounces loss in boiling)	20
2 pounds best Valencia raisins	26
2 pounds currants	20
4 pounds tart apples	15
2 pounds beef kidney suet	14
2 pounds moist sugar	14
½ pound candied orange peel	16
½ pound candied lemon peel	12
½ pound citron	15
One brimming pint of California sherry	25
Half a pint of brandy	19

One teaspoonful each of powdered cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of powdered sugar. 10

1 level teaspoonful of sifted salt.

$2.06

When Dorothy had money from the proceeds of her bracelet, she asked Mr. Bevan to write to a friend of his to send her out a gallon of California sherry and one of brandy. The wine cost two dollars, the brandy three dollars a gallon, which was the wholesale price.

Orange and lemon peel candied were dear, and not found at the country store; therefore Dorothy decided, although the fresh oranges were dear at that season, she must candy some for her mince meat. Lemons were cheap, and she candied more than she needed of them, for future use.

Dorothy found later, when she came to buy more largely, that she could buy both orange and lemon peels at wholesale for little more than it would cost to do them *if she had to buy the fruit for the purpose*,

but they were not so fragrant as those she did herself, nor so handsome; therefore after she was prepared for it she took care to save the lemon peels from lemonade. Orange peels were carefully laid aside before the fruit was eaten, and lemon and orange peels were thrown into a separate jar of strong salt and water. When the jar was full she candied them.

This time, however, there was no time to let them lie in salt and water, and Dorothy had to give them extra boiling in clear water instead.

I will here tell how they were done, as where many oranges are eaten or much lemonade used they make quite a difference in one's Christmas fruit bill.

If fresh lemon peels are used they require longer boiling than those which have lain in the salt and water; the water in both cases needs changing while boiling till it no longer tastes salt or bitter.

To Candy Lemon or Orange Peels. — Remove all loose skin and pulp, but do

not touch the white inner skin; cut them in quarters, and boil till very tender, but not until they break. They take from three to four hours; lemon peels sometimes more. Remember if not thoroughly tender before they go into syrup, they will harden in it. When you can run a straw through them take them up, drain them on a cloth or sieve, and prepare a syrup with a pound of granulated sugar and a pint of water; boil and skim it, then throw in the peels and let them slowly boil till clear, then boil fast till the syrup is thick, take them up and lay them on a dish. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a half a pint of water; when it has boiled till a long thread hangs from the end of a fork, take it from the fire, work it while hot with the back of a spoon against the saucepan until it *begins* to look cloudy, then each piece of lemon peel must be dipped into the candy and laid on a dish sprinkled with sugar, and set in a warm place to dry.

As Dorothy was going to cut hers up and use at once, she simply took the peels out of

the rich syrup, but to keep them they must be candied.

To Dorothy, who had plenty of work to go on with while watching the peels, they were no trouble.

To Seed Raisins and Clean Currants. — Mrs. Bevan volunteered to help seed raisins, and Dorothy asked May to do so. All three sat down; a long, damp cloth was spread on the table before them, and a bowl of warm water placed near in which to dip sticky fingers occasionally. Dorothy and May split the raisins with a knife and removed the seeds. Mrs. Bevan preferred to press the raisin between her fingers and take them out; either way is good, the only thing needful being that the seed should be effectually removed. Sometimes, even after the seed is out of the raisins, they cling to the finger and so go into the bowl with the seeded ones, hence the use of the damp cloth to receive them. When the raisins were stoned the currants were washed, first in a quite warm water to dissolve the sugar which

held them and the dirt in masses, then the colander containing them was set in a pan and abundance of lukewarm water poured over them, the currants rubbed gently between the hands, and the colander lifted up and down; that water was thrown away then. More water was poured through the fruit until it ran with only a reddish tinge, without dirt; then they were left to drain and put on a coarse cloth to dry, and from that into dripping pans, a thin layer in each, and set back of the stove, where they would not burn, and every now and then they were shaken up.

The apples were then carefully pared, cored, and chopped, the suet freed from skin and chopped very fine, Dorothy was very particular to get the suet from the kidney, which will chop almost as fine as flour and is very free from membrane. She was careful in chopping to do only half a pound at a time, and to keep the bulk in a cold place. Then the raisins were chopped, the beef also till it was as fine as oatmeal. Then the cur-

rants, now dry, were searched most carefully for stones or twigs ; the peels were shredded, and then all the ingredients were mixed together. The wine and brandy added, and spices. For these last, although she began with the stated quantity, Dorothy knew she must go by taste, a teaspoonful of freshly ground fine spice being equal to much more of inferior quality. When the whole was well stirred the mince meat was ready, although it would be much better in a month than now.

There were fourteen pounds of mince meat, and Dorothy knew, although there are many recipes there is no one more rich, and that her mince meat had been considered so rich that some to whom she had given it in times past had added apple. It cost fifteen cents a pound, and the best confectioner's mince meat sold at fifty cents. She had made a sort of rule about doubling her money on what she made, but in the case of work which took more time she thought she was justified in doing more than this; indeed

she would not sell more by selling too cheap. She would fix the price at forty-five cents, with the commission off that would insure her forty cents. The profit, she knew, should her mince meat sell well, would be more when she could buy at wholesale, and the peels used this time were several cents dearer than they would be at another.

She packed the mince meat into glass self-sealing jars, three pounds in each, and then she made a few English mince pies.

"As these are only as samples of the inside I don't think I will make real puff paste, but use 'rough puff,' rather less expensive, and that takes less time."

"I would make that paste for you, Dora, only it is never the least like puff paste with me — but only nice flaky short paste."

"I know, aunt, I can't imagine why — but you 'll see it will rise almost as much as real puff if the oven is nice and hot."

Quick or Rough Puff Paste.— Twelve ounces of butter, sixteen of flour, the yolk of one egg, and a teaspoonful of lemon

juice, ice water. Dorothy put the flour into a chopping-bowl, and, as it had been in rather a warm closet, she had set it and the knife on the ice to get thoroughly cold — the butter also was cold and firm — she chopped butter and flour together till the butter was about as large as white beans; then she added half a saltspoonful of salt and made a hole in the centre and put into it the egg yolk, lemon juice, and ice water to make a firm paste; she handled it very lightly and did not knead it at all — so that when the contents of the chopping-bowl were turned on the board there were loose pieces of butter, and the paste was but just holding together; she floured the rolling-pin, rolled the paste till it was half an inch thick, keeping it as square as possible; now she gathered all loose crumbs, placed them in the centre of the paste, and folded it in three, very evenly, turned it with the rough edges toward her and rolled it out again, dredged a little flour over it, folded again in three and rolled; this she repeated once again.

The process had been gone through at an open window, so that it might not be necessary to set the paste on ice between the rolling, as must have been done had the warm kitchen softened the butter. Now, however, it was getting soft and sticking to the board; therefore, to the ice-box it went for half an hour, while Dorothy prepared ingredients for three Genoa cakes she had to make.

When the paste was firm she cut a third of it, leaving the rest on ice; rolled it an eighth of an inch thick, turned a small, plain, round patty pan on it, and cut round it, allowing the knife to slope outward, so that there was a narrow margin.

When she had cut a dozen, she laid each piece on a patty pan, pressed the bottom gently, taking care not to touch or smooth the border in any way; then into the centre of each patty, she put a large spoonful of mince meat, not spreading it, but leaving it in a high mound and quite free from the border; now the rest of the pastry was brought and rolled out a shade thicker, as

many rounds cut, allowing a trifle larger margin, a narrow cut made with the end of a knife in the centre of each, and the border slightly moistened; each cover was then put on the patty, plenty of room allowed for the centre, and the moistened border (not the edge) made to adhere by gentle pressure with the little finger round the bottom of the mound of mince meat, leaving the edge quite unpressed; each patty was slightly brushed all over with white of egg, beaten with a tablespoonful of water, the edge again carefully left untouched. The reason for this care was that if pressed, pastry is deadened and cannot rise; if brushed with egg the edges would be glued together, and could not rise in leaves as it should do.

These "pies," or patties, as we would call them, were baked in a quick oven, and watched that they took no deeper tint than that of ripe corn, and that every one was the same, and when they were taken out one that was not indeed burned, but had a darker side, was rejected as not perfect enough to

send; although Dorothy had no intention of getting orders for the patties, but merely to introduce her mince meat, it was not in her nature to send anything less than perfect.

While these were baking she had been getting the Genoa cake materials ready, and by night they also were baked.

"Now, aunty, I shall make a pound of macaroons to-morrow for this Exchange, and send them all off. Then I will go on with samples for the other two exchanges and the orders you got me. I want to put forth all my strength on those fancy cakes Mrs. Bissell told you she wanted for her whist club."

CHAPTER VIII.

GATEAU DE RIZ. — BEVANS. — BOUCHÉES DE DAMES, ETC.

THE next day Dorothy made macaroons three times, resulting in over seven pounds (she used a pound of almond paste, a pound and a half of sugar, and six eggs each time). The making was light work, but the baking of pan after pan of them would have been tedious, had she not felt that it was just the work that she had to do, and made up her mind that it was not a bit more so than to sit sewing all day. She had eighteen yolks of eggs now — she had carefully separated the whites from them without breaking the yolks, and left six in each bowl, then poured over the latter a little cold water to prevent them thickening until she could use them.

"There will be the difficulty, aunt, to find a variety of cakes to use up the yolks. I

must look up recipes and try experiments with a dozen of these, but I have to get my Bevans ready; the Sally Lunn is three days old, but it needs to be stale."

"Yes, I don't see how you are to use the yolks of eggs, dear, unless you make gold cake."

Dorothy laughed. "That will never do, aunty dear; we have to have something much finer than that. I do know a French gateau de riz, but I hardly think it is portable. I must look up all my cake recipes and some that require many yolks, but the gateau is a delicious dessert, and I really think we might give ourselves a treat and use half a dozen yolks for it. You make it and I'll give you the recipe. Although called cake it is a great deal more like a cold pudding."

GATEAU DE RIZ. Boil a small cup of rice with plenty of milk till it is like mush; add half a saltspoonful of salt; let it cool; then add to it the grated rind of a lemon, the yolks of six eggs well beaten, and about three table-

spoonfuls of sugar (less if not liked very sweet), and a teaspoonful of vanilla, more if not strong; be guided by taste in this; pour the whole into a well-buttered shallow pan, square or oblong in shape if possible. The rice should not be more than an inch and a half thick; now melt a large tablespoonful of butter to oil, let it run over the whole surface of the rice, and sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar, at least a quarter of an inch thick. Set in a good but not fierce oven for an hour, or until the sugared surface is golden brown. When quite cold cut into pieces three inches by one and a half; they must be kept in a dry place, but may be set on ice before serving.

"If the Bevans should 'take,' I must practice making Sally Lunn dough, because it would never do to send to the city every time I needed them."

"But, Dorothy dear, you are not really going to call them 'Bevans,'" said the elder lady, almost blushing at the thought of such fame.

"Yes, dear aunty, unless you object; if they should become the 'rage,' as they were in London, you will have greatness thrust upon you."

As she talked and laughed at her aunt's half-gratified consternation, she cut the Sally Lunn downward in inch-thick slices; then rejecting the top brown crust, she cut these slices into pieces just over an inch broad, and put them into the oven to get a pale golden color without drying too much; then they were taken out and allowed to cool while the following mixture was made: four ounces of almond paste was chopped as for macaroons, the whites of two eggs were mixed with four ounces of powdered sugar; the almond paste was mashed into this icing. It formed a paste that would almost run, yet not quite. A large teaspoonful of this was placed on each piece of baked Sally Lunn on the broadest side; when it did not entirely cover each crust about the sixth of an inch thick and allow a little to *run* over the sides (not plastered

over, however), she added more. When a baking sheet had as many as it could hold without one cake touching the other, it was set in a moderate oven, and the crusts were carefully watched, that none should take a darker shade than that of a pale macaroon. The icing rose considerably, and some had to be turned about with a fork so that the sides might not be white; of course they were never turned upside down, and Dorothy took great care not to touch the icing while they were hot. They looked very handsome when they came from the oven.

"That is just as I saw them in England; now I am going to put a Yankee improvement on the next batch."

She had prepared another panful, and on these she sprinkled finely chopped pistachio nuts (after blanching them like almonds) and almonds sparsely over them. When they were baked the same pale yellow, the green nuts gave a very chic air to them.

"They do look beautiful, indeed, but it seems a strange fancy to put almond icing

on crusts of bread — I must say," commented Mrs. Bevan. "I should think cake as a foundation would be better."

"Sample the cool ones, you will see they are a pleasant combination, sweet and not too sweet, crisp yet not hard, and although not rich they are anything but dry; they are, I think, just the thing for gentlemen and others who do not care for cake. Now if cake were used, the result would be quite different; they would be very sweet, and fall to crumbs. If bread were used, it would be like cold toast, tough under the icing; the Sally Lunn being very delicate, and, having shortening, grows crisp when baked."

"Yes, I see they are just about to my taste," said her aunt, eating one with enjoyment; "I have often thought I would like something between cake and cracker."

"Your friend, Mrs. Bissell, who wants fancy cakes, will like a few of these put among them, perhaps. I want to send her some very lovely cakes, because you say she is fashionable, and she may be so well pleased as to recommend them."

"If she does you will have plenty of orders, for she is a member of a reading club of forty members, who have weekly entertainments, and vie with each other in having the most unique things, and naturally they will be only too glad to get them here, for they always have to send to the city."

Bouchées de Dames. — Dorothy made first some cup-cake batter, using half a cup of butter, one of sugar, one and a half of flour, and two eggs, with half a saltspoonful of salt, a small teaspoonful of baking powder, sifted into the flour, and enough milk (about three-quarters of a cup) to make a thick batter. This was mixed in the same way as the Genoa cake, adding the flour last. As soon as all was mixed, it was dropped in small drops the size of half a dollar on a buttered paper; laid on a tin pan, they were then baked till they just changed color no longer. When they were done each one was trimmed to a perfect circle with a very small tin box lid. As they were things which, when finished, weighed heavily and very few could

be put in a pound of mixed cakes, she had only made three dozen, and baked the rest of the batter in a flat sheet. She divided the drop-cakes into separate dozens, and six she spread with a thin layer of red currant jelly, then laid six cakes on these, making half a dozen round sandwiches. She treated another half dozen in the same way, using peach jam, and the third with raspberry. She had now a dozen and a half small "Bouchées;" she was careful to lay each half dozen separate. Then she proceeded to boil a pound of sugar to the thread with a gill of water and half a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and set it in ice water to cool; when she could bear her hands in it she beat it till it was like lard, using her hands at last just as she had done for the marzipan. She then broke off one half, set it in a bowl in a small saucepan of boiling water, and stirred it (flavoring with vanilla) till it was like thin cream. She took two forks, rubbed them with lemon juice, and dipped each little cake, with the

peach jam, quickly into the icing with one fork and took it out with the other, taking care to give a sharp rap on the edge of the bowl to disengage all superfluous candy. As each was dipped, it was neatly turned on to wax paper; Dorothy had done the work near the fire so that the icing might not chill (although of course it was standing in boiling water). When six cakes were iced she set the candy to get hot again, stirring it constantly. She had, meanwhile, put an ounce of unsweetened French chocolate in the oven with a teaspoonful of water. When the candy was once more hot, she added the soft chocolate, and when quite blended, seeing it was too thick to manage, for chocolate always tends to thicken, she added a few drops more boiling water. The vanilla having been the first flavor, she could add chocolate to the same candy, as the flavors agreed; this saved time and work.

She now iced with the chocolate as quickly as possible the six in which was the red currant jelly. There now remained six with

raspberry filling. For these she took fresh icing, melting it by stirring in a bowl set in the boiling water as before. She colored it, when it was quite thin, like cream, with a few drops of cochineal, to a bright pale pink, and flavored it very faintly with oil of bitter almonds. This powerful flavoring she only used by tilting the bottle against the end of a knife and stirring it in the candy. If the oil is strong it is difficult to get the flavor faint enough. The cakes were now dropped into the icing and turned on to waxed paper as were the others.

They were now pink, chocolate, and white bouchées — half a dozen of each.

Mrs. Bevan was looking on; she said nothing, but she looked volumes of admiration at her niece's work.

AFRICAINES. — "Wait a moment, aunty. I 'm going to turn those white ones into 'Africaines,' as they call them." She had just about a half teaspoonful of the pistachio nuts, very finely chopped, left from the Bevans. She took a lump of sugar and

chopped it into grains as large as coarse oatmeal; it should not be pounded or it will not sparkle. She lightly moistened the tops of the white bouchées with white of egg (enough remained in the shells of the eggs she had used for this purpose), and sprinkled them with a pinch of pistachio nuts and grains of sugar. It required some care to perform this simple operation; the specks of green had to be well scattered, not in a bunch; the sugar, too, had to be equally distributed. Dorothy knew it was just these trifles that would betray "a prentice hand" if not well done, and give the "home-made" look she wished to avoid.

If I have described Dorothy's bouchées rightly the reader will understand that they no longer looked like cakes, but like flattened balls of cream candy, rather large in size.

Dorothy had laid in a supply of paper boxes from the dry goods stores in town, and she selected a small flat one that had held ruching, lined it with waxed paper,

then laid on it half a dozen of the bouchées, covered them with waxed paper, a thin layer of cotton batting on that, and then put on the cover. These were for Mrs. Bissell; they weighed six ounces; the other ten ounces of the pound was made up of macaroons, the Venetian cakes which she had made, and Bevans; but to prevent one from disfiguring the other, the Venetian cakes were laid at the bottom of the box, then waxed paper, macaroons next, then more waxed paper, and on top the Bevans. I may as well say here that in all Dorothy's after work this care in small things was never relaxed. She knew that a great or well-known confectioner might put his choicest products in a paper bag, and if they crumbled or were disfigured no one would blame the article, only the bag and circumstances. But her reputation had to be made, and she dared not risk the beauty of her work.

"I would like to send these remaining bouchées to the Exchange just as samples,

and I should like if I could to withdraw the marzipan if not sold; it would not sell now, for the icing by this time must look like chalk.

"The only trouble about the Exchange seems to me to be that there ought to be some way of letting out-of-town contributors know when their work is sold and when too stale to sell. I suppose it would entail too much work for them to write; in default of that, one ought to have some trusty person living near who would report."

CHAPTER IX.

PORTABLE CHICKEN BROTH AND CONSOMMÉ. — SPANISH MACAROONS. — VANILLA PASTE.

"DOROTHY, I believe I will go to New York, and will take what you want to send, and also bring back the marzipan. I must go before long and will do it now."

"That will be excellent, and ask Miss Cox about everything, aunt."

It was decided that Mrs. Bevan should take with her samples of candied peaches and pears, as well as fancy cakes. Dorothy had been afraid to send them before, because she felt that well as they looked they might not keep more than a day or two, but she found now that over a week had passed they were as dry as ever, and she had no fear in sending them.

"I think I will stay over night; it is so

long since I did so; and with you here I shall know your uncle will not be uncomfortable."

"Do, dear aunt; it will do you so much good, and Clara Vanderpool will enjoy your visit so much."

The next morning Mrs. Bevan, in a black satin gown, made over to look very handsome by Dorothy, and a charming gray bonnet, made by the same skillful fingers, went off, carrying a neat little strapped Japanese basket containing Dorothy's wares.

Dorothy never suspected the amount of guile concealed under Mrs. Bevan's bland and simple manner. Dorothy had repeatedly said she would never besiege a friend; if they wanted to buy of her, they might do it when they liked; her ambition was to make herself so well known through ordinary business channels that they would buy from her without solicitation. The progress would be slow, of course, but at least no one would say of her, as she had heard many good-natured, well-to-do people say of others, — "Oh, we must buy some of Miss so and so's

work to help her, but I would a great deal rather give her the money and not be obliged to take the work." No, if any one took her work it must be because they wanted it, not to help her along.

Dorothy thought women's work should be just as much a matter of business as a man's, and look for no more favor.

This self-respect would not have been carried into obstinate pride; if any friend should send for a list of what she could make, she would have gladly forwarded it and samples, but she knew, had she offered her wares, how difficult it would be for that friend to say no.

Mrs. Bevan well knew her niece's peculiarity, and although a most timid and shrinking woman she found courage for Dorothy.

When she found herself among her friends, she exhibited the delicious looking wares she was taking to the Exchange, for the artful woman did not go there direct. Mrs. Bevan's city friends were nearly all well-to-do,

some of them prominent in society. To these she paid her first visits. She could have disposed several times over of what she had for the Exchange, but she was wiser, and told the would-be purchasers if they would give their orders to Dorothy direct, it would please her better, or if they preferred they could ask for her articles at the Exchange. This they readily promised, and Mrs. Bevan had no fear but that the quality of Dorothy's work would be recommendation enough after it was once tried. She told every one, however, that Dorothy wanted to place her mince meat with the fine grocers, and by their customers asking for it some might be induced to take it.

This, also, was enthusiastically promised, and although Mrs. Bevan knew busy society people well enough to feel sure that some would forget, or make one effort and drop the matter, there were two or three steadfast souls eager on the subject of helping women to help themselves, who would do more than they promised; who would interest others

like themselves; and self-interest and the convenience of having perfectly prepared dainties would do the rest.

Mrs. Bevan took home with her the money instead of the marzipan, which had sold, an order for consommé, and a desire from some one to know if chicken broth could also be obtained solid.

"Of course, aunty; I have never made it, but the principle is the same, only it would be very expensive; but I will experiment."

"I have a very fine recipe for chicken broth," said Mrs. Bevan, "and I'll kill a chicken when you say so. What have you been making? You did n't make that Sally Lunn!" pointing to a fine specimen on the table.

"I have been using up yolks of eggs. I found these recipes. I had terrible trouble with the Spanish macaroons till I found, what of course the book did not say, — that they require the sharpest kind of heat and very close watching; at first they ran in all directions. The Sally Lunn, too, I made,

using only yolks of eggs, and I divided the dough in three parts, tried different ways of rising and consistency, and find that very much working of the dough and rising three times gives just the right texture, but the consistency and long working are the great secrets."

I give here the recipes for the article for which Dorothy used yolks of eggs — also for the solid consommé, which later on brought regular orders from the three exchanges, and which Dorothy gave into Mrs. Bevan's hands, who, seeing she was not taking what Dorothy needed, thankfully made these and a few other things the source of a small income : —

Spanish Macaroons. — Boil half a pound of sugar to the thread; add five ounces of almond paste chopped very fine, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and the grated rind of an orange; let all simmer very gently for ten minutes where they will not burn, stirring occasionally. Then add the yolks of six eggs, stir the

paste over the hotter part of the stove until the whole is a firm mass. Let it cool, and roll pieces as large as a walnut between the hands, slightly oiled. Lay them on oiled paper, and bake in a sharp oven, watching closely to prevent burning: three minutes will cook them.

VANILLA PASTE. — Beat four ounces of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of vanilla powder (extract may be used, but is not so good), and the yolks of four eggs together for ten minutes; then add four ounces of flour and two of butter, melted; mix vigorously till smooth and light.

This paste may have a few chopped almonds worked in, or chopped angelica, and be baked in little balls, or it may be rolled into pipes like a lead pencil. They should be laid on oiled paper so that they will not touch, and baked very lightly. They may then be coated with chocolate (melted in as little water as will dissolve it, then mixed with melted fondant icing) so as to resemble vanilla beans; or they may be

simply brushed with white of eggs, sprinkled with vanilla sugar, or with grains of loaf sugar, and finely chopped pistachio nuts.

Sally Lunn. — Take a pint of warm flour, a scant half pint of warm milk, in which has been dissolved half a cake of compressed yeast, a tablespoonful of butter, and a saltspoonful of salt with a tablespoonful of sugar. Beat into these ingredients one whole egg or two yolks, mix with the flour, and beat very well; the consistency should be between batter and dough, just as stiff as you can stir with a spoon; when very light beat again for ten minutes with hand or spoon, let rise again, stir down well, and put the paste into tin hoops like very large, deep muffin rings. They should be two inches deep; a makeshift may be made with stiff paper buttered and pinned into a hoop.

Chicken Broth (Portable). — A fowl weighing four pounds must be carefully cleaned, using every edible part, the head skinned, the feet scalded, and then the

whole bird beaten, bones and all, to a mash. (If for a convalescent, a piece of carrot as large as an egg and a stick of celery may be used, but the vegetable would not be allowed for a very sick person.) Put the fowl into a saucepan with three quarts of water, simmer it very slowly for three hours, when the bones will probably fall from the meat; if not, let the broth boil longer, strain and press the meat, etc., between two plates till no more juice will run. Return the broth to the saucepan and let it boil fast, skimming often until there is no more than a quart. Have ready a packet of gelatine, soaked in a cup of water for two hours; stir this into the broth, when you have removed it from the fire, till it is entirely dissolved, then strain the whole through a clean cloth that has been thoroughly scalded. Seasoning not to be added until required for use.

Consommé (Portable). — A knuckle of beef weighing five pounds, four pounds of fresh beef from upper part of the leg, or any lean part, eight ounces each of carrots,

turnips, and onions, four cloves, two bay leaves, and a small head of celery. Cut the meat up in small pieces, break the bones, put it on in a large pot with eight quarts of water, leave it at least four hours to come to the boiling point, skim just before it reaches it, throw in a wine-glass of water, bring to the boil again, and remove scum before it breaks; repeat, then put the pot just where it keeps at boiling point but does not boil — a bubble rising and breaking slowly in the centre every few seconds is all the ebullition to be allowed. Keep it steadily at this point; in two hours add the vegetables, bring the pot forward to regain the boiling point, skim as before, and then return where it simmers only; three hours later, if the cooking has been steady, the meat will drop to pieces, and you can then strain the broth through a colander; next day remove all fat, pour free from sediment, and boil the consommé fast and uncovered till three quarts only remain. Have two packets of gelatine soaked as for chicken

broth, drop it into the boiling consommé as it leaves the fire, and stir till dissolved.

Both these articles are to be without seasoning until required for use; they may be diluted with boiling water to any required strength, or, if wanted very concentrated, a piece of the jelly can be dissolved by standing it in a cup in boiling water.

Pour either broth or consommé into small jars, over which tie, when perfectly cold and solid, a piece of thin muslin; this will keep in a cool, dry place for some time. If closely covered it will mould.

A few days later brought the result of Mrs. Bevan's tactics and Dorothy's samples in the shape of many orders, all small, but of such variety, that, unexpected as they were, Dorothy's head was nearly turned. All must be at their destination for Thanksgiving. The orders were for Genoa cakes, macaroons, mince meat, fancy cakes, candied fruit, and marzipan. They came dropping in almost every mail for two or three days, so that she could not even systematize

her work; for she had no sooner finished one thing of a sort than she found she had to begin again, and most unexpected of all was it to find that the mince pies she had sent only as samples to sell the mince meat, brought orders. "You will simply have to say you cannot do them," said May. "You 'll not make very much after all, and will almost kill yourself."

"I shall fill every order that comes in time if I sit up half of every night," said Dorothy firmly. And she did sit up until one and two o'clock every morning and rose at six, — every hand helped her, even Mr. Bevan, — and when the rush was over she felt as though she had been through a siege, and yet she gloried in her work — she knew what she did was seldom done by amateur hands, and gave a shrewd guess that the small orders now would bring larger ones for Christmas.

Nor was she mistaken. The following five weeks were full of hard work — experiments, failures, and successes. The last week before

Christmas she always looked back upon as a sort of phantasmagoria of work and worry. A servant had to be sought, and was found in the person of a certain Lucy Jones from a neighboring cottage, and other help was offered and accepted. News of Dorothy's work had now got about Plumstead, and she found several needy ladies were anxious to do as she was doing. They all had some excellent recipes they were sure to succeed with. To all Dorothy said one thing: "I think good cooking is so much needed that we can all make more money by it than any other home work; that is, if we can offer something that is the best of its kind, and can always be depended on for it being so."

One of these ladies was a widow, very pretty, very vivacious, and of whom Mrs. Bevan said she did the most beautiful things in the way of embroidery. "In fact I never can see why she has not done well. She is so clever, and can do everything so beautifully, yet, poor thing, she has a son and

daughter, and all are dependent on her sister and husband for a home. She sometimes makes a little by embroidery or crochet, when she can get it to do. She is always just so gay, but I know she suffers. The life is very sad for such a woman." This Mrs. Garland, Dorothy turned to with a warm sympathy when she came.

"I so much admire your pluck, but I have not come to compliment. I hear from your aunt that you are very busy. I come to ask if my ignorant, stupid hands will be of service? I shall be grateful for the experience if you will allow me to help you."

She held out a pair of fine, shapely hands as she spoke. She was so gay in manner it was difficult to think she had a troubled life, but Dorothy gladly accepted her help, and when they settled (while protesting earnestly she wanted no money) she said she might have worked very hard at her needle for less than half of it.

CHAPTER X.

EXPERIMENTS AND PERPLEXITIES

After the New Year Dorothy had breathing time. She was happy in the knowledge that independence was before her. With all her work, after all expenses were paid (and as she had occupied Mr. and Mrs. Bevan's time she had insisted on paying every expense of the house), she had $50 left, but she had several articles and utensils that she would not need to buy again, and she had established a business which she knew would grow, because it was owing not to patronage but to the excellence of what she made, and the fact that those who ordered from her actually wanted what they asked for. She had begun very ill equipped, and plainly saw that she might, once she could systematize her work, earn four times as much with half

the labor, and by degrees she could drop part of her work, and her thoughts flew to pretty Mrs. Garland, and how in the coming fall, instead of refusing orders, she could pass them all over to her, and she would teach her all she might not know.

During that spring the orders for different articles did not amount to much more than enough to pay expenses. But she was glad of leisure to experiment and prepare for next winter's work. Among other things, with a view to May being possibly interested, Dorothy meant to learn how to make fine candy. She had long felt sure in fondant icing she held the key to the art. When in the city she had noticed in the confectioners' windows men dipping nuts into what seemed to her just the boiled sugar beaten to cream.

Before she began to make her experiments she paid a few weeks' visit to some city friends, and while there she searched the great public library for books that might help her. But she found confectionery books and information on every branch of

the subject, except the modern creams, she wanted. True, one or two confections were spoken of by technical names which she believed might be what she wanted to learn how to make, but they did not tell that. They took for granted that preliminaries were all known.

At the end of a fortnight spent among dusty cooking and confectionery books in last century French and Italian, as well as modern ones, she carried home to Plumstead a note-book full recipes; she had gleaned from all her reading only one or two points, and thought she had two or three clews that might help her. But even these clews contradicted each other in a maddening way.

I have not space in this short narrative to follow Dorothy through all her candy experiments,[1] because, although had mince meat and cakes proved less profitable, she would have made it a business, she never did so — she learned it in order to be able to

[1] See Catherine Owen's *Lessons in Candy Making*, for fuller instructions than can be given here.

to teach May. Her experiments and failures — how many disheartening failures — and success are only touched upon to show what pluck and perseverance could accomplish.

She hoped if she worked through the drudgery and made it all clear sailing, as it was pretty, dainty work, May might look on it with less dislike than other branches of cooking. The mixing of colors might touch her art sense, and the results would be more beautiful to look upon if artistic taste were expended on them; she also hoped a great deal from the fact that May saw now that she could not make enough to keep herself in gloves by painting.

When she reached home she began to experiment. At first all went well; it was a fine day; she boiled the candy just as she would for icing, and iced almonds and walnuts successfully — or so it seemed; the next day the walnuts still looked all right, but the almonds, of which she had left such a goodly array, what had happened to them?

The delicate pink coating had slid from them, as it were — and each almond lay almost uncovered, the cream candy forming a sort of dish round it. She touched it and found it far softer than it had been five minutes after she had coated them, and, as the room in which she had laid them was cold, she could not hope they would harden.

She went to look at the walnuts. They were perfect. Every one left the waxed paper clean. She sat down in front of them — dumfounded. The more so that she had no clew to the trouble, the candy on the walnuts and the almonds was precisely alike. No, it could not be the candy, it must be the nut itself. Perhaps the almonds required some preparation of their surface before candy would adhere; she had blanched and dried them in a cloth thoroughly; perhaps there was an oil in them that prevented the candy remaining on them. She jumped up and went to the kitchen and melted some fondant, then dropped into it a half dozen almonds *not blanched*. A few hours later

she looked at them; they were perfectly firm. Yes, she must conclude that blanched almonds required preparation, for all the almond creams that were bought were blanched. It remained then to find out how to conquer this ivory surface — and for hours, while experimenting with other things, she thought over it till her head ached. There was not a clew in any of her notes. After she was in bed that night a new fact came to her mind. It could not be the surface of the nuts after all, for the candy that had come off them was sticky; it was as if it had been wet. This was a new puzzle, and she lay awake hours trying to solve it. I may as well say here (although it was a long time before Dorothy found it out) that newly blanched almonds, although they may be thoroughly dried with a cloth, still hold dampness enough to affect so delicate a thing as sugar. They must be dried with gentle heat.

After a week of experiment she had made several sorts of candy with success, and be-

lieved she had conquered the whole secret There came a day, however, when all she seemed to have learned came to nothing: the sugar, boiled just as usual, would not get firm, but became softer and softer the more she beat it. She knew that sugar was affected by wet weather, but on the one wet day there had been, all had gone well — this was a bright day! She, nevertheless, persevered and worked, and everything she did was more or less flabby; some candies refused to leave the paper at all, other things sent a tiny thread of clear syrup trickling from them; and then, not to be worsted, she boiled sugar again, this time to a higher degree, but the result was the same, and at night she put away the remains of both the hard-boiled cream and the soft, and with an aching back and head went to bed discouraged and regretting the wasted day.

The next morning she went to her failures: they were still in a mushy condition, and she concluded there must be very much yet to learn about sugar, and that she had

no way to learn it; possibly it was a trade secret, but when she turned to the two bowls of cream to her surprise and bewilderment she found one firm as cheese, the other so hard she could not make an impression on it with her finger. That day she made candy again and it was all right. It was many months before she found out that her whole trouble was due to the fact that it had been washday and the house full of steam, and that sometimes, but not always, even a kettle of water boiling in the same room would give much trouble.

For the present she had to make up her mind that there was something she had not found out, which placed her entirely at the mercy of the vagaries of sugar, and that, nevertheless, by not minding the days when she would fail because the candy would "grain" and the others when it moistened, confectionery was a business that would be profitable for May. She did not broach the subject, however, until she thought she had made sure of being able

to teach her, and she met little encouragement from her artistic sister, who saw her at her experiments.

"Well, Dorothy! what is all this work for? If you are determined to do cooking, surely you know enough without working over this new kink from morning till night. You look pale and worried with it; why don't you stick to the things you know? I've always heard that one should do a *few things well.*" May spoke with an air of superior wisdom; she still thought Dorothy very peculiar.

"I am not sure what we may need; I may not have time, when business begins, to experiment; yet if there was a sale for confectionery I should want to know the art. And I think even you would be interested in learning such dainty work; you would do it, on account of your artistic taste, much better than I. You would invent new tints and forms."

May was gratified, yet she said: —

"But, Dorothy, don't you know confec-

tionery is a regular trade? How can you or I expect to compete with the trade; and beside, although it may be all very well to do cooking for a time, why waste your strength in learning a new thing you will not need? One would think we were old maids."

Dorothy recognized her sister's thought that marriage would take them out of the necessity of such work, but she laughed: —

"Most likely I shall be an old maid. I shall be so busy nobody will ever find me long enough unoccupied to learn to like me, and if some one comes along who is persevering enough to 'court' me between whiles, what I learn now I can teach others."

Nevertheless May did learn how to make candy. She never pretended to invent a new combination, but contented herself with following Dorothy's directions, and her sister's only hope was that when orders really came the satisfaction of working profitably might awaken her interest.

In the fall she sent out a list of articles for which she intended to take orders, and candy was included.

One list went to every one who had sent orders last year, and two or three influential friends in New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Newark had so talked of Miss Fortescue's mince meat and preserves to their grocers, that one or two leading firms in each place had consented to receive on consignment, and, what made Dorothy very happy, Aunt Bevan's canned apple sauce became that winter very popular. It was so different from anything before offered for sale.

Dorothy now found herself on the eve of prosperity.

This coming Thanksgiving week she expected to find herself very busy, but able to accomplish thrice what she had done the year before with less fatigue; ten hours a day instead of eighteen she hoped would do all. She had what seemed to her a large quantity of raisins stoned in October. Currants were washed, and lemon and orange peels had been candied all through the year. But alas for one's calculations. Although

she had no extensive orders from any one person or store, she had far more small orders than she had prepared for in her modesty, and they were very varied: one would order five pounds of mince meat, a pound of macaroons, two pounds of fruit-cake, and a pound of French candy, — scarcely an order came from a private person without one for candy; and although a few had been thoughtful enough to send a couple of weeks ahead of time, the orders came thick and fast the week before Thanksgiving, and she found every bit of mince meat she had made was barely sufficient to supply half. She had ordered more fruit than she expected to sell, yet now she must get as much again.

Once more Mr. Bevan had a quiet scoff on the subject of women's incapacity for business, and how absurd it had been not to take a barrel of currants, etc., etc.

The mail came Thursday morning that warned her of what she might expect, and time was so precious Mr. Bevan had to go to the city for more supplies. He was told to

bring a chopping machine, and Mrs. Bevan ransacked Plumstead for suet.

There was over thirty pounds of candy ordered. The Exchanges sent for several pounds, for it had come to be understood that whatever Miss Fortescue offered for sale would be good.

Among the variety of orders came one for a rich fruit-cake, which Dorothy made from the following recipe, which became afterwards a very profitable branch of her business.

ENGLISH TWELFTH NIGHT CAKE. — One pound of butter washed first in water, then in rose-water; one pound of sugar, one pound of candied citron, orange and lemon peels in equal proportions; three pounds of currants, one pound of sultana raisins, three quarters of a pound of almonds, blanched and chopped a little; the grated rind of two oranges, a gill of sherry, one of brandy, yolks of twelve and whites of six eggs, one pound of flour, very dry and warm; a small teaspoonful each of cinnamon, grated nutmegs, and cloves.

The butter and sugar to be beaten with the hand until it will stand; add yolks of eggs and beat thoroughly; then the flavoring, the whites and flour, the last added gradually. The fruit must be well cleaned and dried, the peels shredded, and then all made quite warm and floured. They must be stirred into the batter last. Line a round pan or hoop with the three thicknesses of buttered paper at bottom, two round the sides, and pour the batter into it. It will, of course, be very stiff. This cake will be quite large if baked in one, and should have five hours' baking in regular moderate heat. The oven should be quite cool at first, and never get very hot; for the first two hours a thick card cover may be placed on it. The great object is to give long baking without burning. The crust should not form for at least two hours. This is known in England as Twelfth Cake, and is excellent.

CHAPTER XI.

CANDY-MAKING. — CAPRICES OF SUGAR AND SYRUP. — FAILURES, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

I DON'T know whether what I have said in this little story of Dorothy and her work, or what I may have to say, will discourage my readers. My object is to do the reverse.

"I shall give the candy into your hands entirely, for with all this crop of work I could not attend to it, and yet I 'm determined no order shall go unfilled or be late, even if I sit up every night," said Dorothy.

Dorothy had detected a little mutinous wrinkle about May's lips, and spoke rather sternly.

"Of course I 'll do anything to help, though I 'm sure I shall make a mess of it. Why don't you select the orders you can comfortably fill, and reject others?"

"I dare not. If I had known of this influx I would have put only large cakes and mince meat on my list. Then, to be candid, May, I am anxious about your having something remunerative in hand to do, and I thought the candy would be just the thing; if we refuse orders now, those who send them will not take the trouble to order again."

Monday brought more orders, and Dorothy turned almost sick at the mountain of work before her. Happily May could do the candy with Mrs. Garland's assistance.

How that day went and the next three or four Dorothy never knew; only that the work steadily progressed. Every hand helped, but no brain worked except her own. Mrs. Garland boiled pot after pot of candy and helped May to work it. But alas! every bowl seemed to have a separate caprice — some had a thick cake of sugar on top and grains all through. Then would come a doleful figure with a bowl and spoon to Dorothy: "Oh! what is the matter with this candy." "Granulated, add water and boil

again." A few minutes would elapse, another figure and another bowl with lovely white creamy contents, which ran, oh! far too nimbly, from the spoon.

"I 've beaten and worked and the stuff gets softer and softer: what is the matter with it?"

"Ah, May! Don't you know I told you when this happens it is boiled a shade too low." But then there came troubles that Dorothy could not account for nor cure, although she learned after that they all resulted from insufficient experience. She had not yet learned the effect of steam on the sugar. Some granulated from mistaken economy on Mrs. Garland's part, who scraped round the saucepan after she emptied the candy from it, and dropped the scraping into the clear syrup; this formed a nucleus of crystals which affected the whole. However, at midnight there was candy enough boiled and worked to make fifty pounds.

There 's no denying that when the morning came — it seemed to come just after she

had fallen asleep — she would have given a great deal to be able to sleep an hour longer, and she fancied she was even more tired than when she went to bed, but there was no help for it. She must get to work.

All went well till after dinner; several pounds of candy stood in lovely pink and white and lemon shades on the table, and chocolates, the most difficult and exasperating of all to the tyro, were about to be made; the chocolate made the candy harden; by Dorothy's direction a teaspoonful of sugar syrup, kept ready for such emergencies, was added to the chocolate candy. It all went to a caramelish syrup, and every white ball dipped into it came out pinkish white, with brownish flecks. Suddenly May cried: —

"It 's no use, Dorothy; my head aches and I can't go on; it 's all nonsense killing one's self like this; no one else does it!" May threw down her fork, and, pressing her hands to her head, went to her room and threw herself on the bed.

For a moment Dorothy despaired; how

could she multiply herself further? She was tired enough to sink into a chair and weep, but she did not dare. Mrs. Garland, who was making macaroons, said: —

"I think if you color the candies, and tell me what to do, I can go on with them while I wait for the oven."

And so it was done. Dorothy found the trouble with the chocolate to be that after the syrup was added to thin it, it was left in the boiling water on the stove *without being stirred*, and the sugar had gone back, as it always will if left to itself, to clear syrup leaving the chocolate in solution. But notwithstanding that, she had overcome the difficulty, and so arranged that Mrs. Garland could do what she had trusted to May; her sister's sudden breakdown had jarred Dorothy's nerves, and to the dull misery of a cold was added a lively headache, for which there was no remedy. Mrs. Bevan tied her head up with a wet cloth tightly, and every now and again came behind her and changed it without interrupting her work.

Do you think this is overdrawn, reader? I tell you my difficulty in describing Dorothy's struggle for independence has been to so understate the whole that I might escape any charge of exaggeration, and it is all understated. The orders she received came more quickly and in greater variety than I have dared to say. The difficulties in the way I have in this limited space been only able to hint at, but every woman living on as near nothing as possible, three miles from a railroad, can judge them for herself.

Dorothy had many things against her that others may not have: she was miles from a store, she worked for months with the poorest utensils, and she had not the facilities that poor women workers have now. Books have since been written with such precision that they can be followed with ease; and if books fail there are the cooking schools where information on any doubtful point can be obtained. All this has come about within ten years. When Dorothy began to work the books were unwritten, the cooking schools in

their infancy, their value unknown except to the select few.

She had only one thing in her favor that many ladies who seek to make money have with her, but not all. She had friends who were accustomed to live expensively, and anxious to get the best of everything. But the time came when these private orders were far fewer than those that came through the grocers and Exchanges. They undoubtedly helped her greatly, but had she begun without this advantage her success would have been slower, but it would have come.

The Tuesday night before Thanksgiving found everything done, and ready for packing, every tray, dish, and plate in the house held its array of candy which was to be packed in a stack of paper boxes. Dorothy had worked off her cold, and May, after her head got better, helped again; but Dorothy saw there was no heart in the work.

This night, however, she was bright, and expressed willingness to work with Dorothy.

"I shall not go to bed, May, till every-

thing is packed ready for uncle to take to the express. It will take till dawn."

It was long past dawn when the two girls had put the last package in the last box and on every wooden packing-box a cover that Mr. Bevan was to nail on before taking away. Everything was expressed, the delivery of which could be guaranteed in time, but Mr. Bevan went to the city with a trunk full of packages, which were delivered, when he arrived there, by hand. This was an item of considerable expense, so much that the margin of profit left on those articles was small, but this was a matter not to be for a moment considered by Dorothy. She remembered that it was not her customers' fault that she lived out of town.

"I should think you would make some charge for delivery?" said Mrs. Garland. "It seems dreadful to work hard and lose the profit in expenses."

"I look at it in this way. If the orders were given to any city confectioner or grocer he would deliver them. Why should people

be made to pay for the privilege of buying from me? And would they do it a second time? I think not. In the future, which I hope for, when articles I make cannot be obtained in the cities, I shall feel I can charge expressage, but not now."

"I think you are over-scrupulous."

"It is not scrupulousness, it is prudence, and I would gladly avoid the expense if I could without spoiling my business at the outset."

CHAPTER XII.

DOROTHY WINS A HOME AND A HUSBAND. — MRS. GARLAND AS A BUSINESS WOMAN.

THE next year Dorothy's fame had spread. Her business justified her in taking that summer a tiny cottage in Plumstead, where she and May lived. The latter was reconciled in a certain way to cooking, but persistently looked forward to the time when she by a good marriage would relieve Dorothy from the need of such work. This intention of hers soothed her conscience when she left her always the lion's share of the work to do.

Dorothy made no comment on May's prospects; time enough to oppose her when the necessity came. Dorothy thought the time might not be far off, for an old friend had returned from Europe bringing fame

as a painter with him. May had met him on a visit to one of their New York friends: he had been five years away. May had then been a school-girl and Dorothy a blooming girl of twenty. He, John Lortain, asked after Dorothy, and was invited out to Plumstead, and now was a frequent visitor. Many an hour did he and May spend under the apple-trees, while Dorothy worked at the window, near enough to call out a word now and then. And sometimes May and the famous artist would hull strawberries for Dorothy to make into preserves.

The time had come when Dorothy had been able to select the work that was most remunerative, and now she depended mainly on mince meat and rich cakes, although there was a continual demand for chicken broth and bouillon, which Mrs. Bevan made so excellent that they were largely called for.

Plumstead party-givers always sent to Dorothy for fancy cakes and chicken salad, and often asked her to invent some new

dainty for them. I wish I could tell you all that she did in this way, but space forbids. One thing she rejoiced over, besides putting a way of making money into Aunt Bevan's hands, she believed she had been able to help Mrs. Garland.

Every Plumstead person who sent for macaroons she had for months sent to that vivacious lady, Mrs. Garland, who had eagerly thanked her.

"If I thought you would not mind, I would like to do several things that you don't do now. My married sister would get me a good many orders for candies and cakes and patties."

"Do anything, dear Mrs. Garland, and be sure the better you succeed, the better pleased I shall be."

For several weeks that winter Dorothy saw nothing of her friend, but had frequent little notes, asking "How shall I do so and so?" — "Will you be so angelic as to give me a recipe for so and so?" Sometimes a sample of her work would come; "Will you

please tell me what is the matter with this thing? Do what I will it won't," etc. Sometimes Dorothy at a glance could solve her difficulties, sometimes not; but from it all she gathered that Mrs. Garland was prosperous and busy. She herself had sent many customers to her, and she knew Mrs. Garland's own friends had been active.

After New Year, being comparatively at leisure, Dorothy went to see her.

"Oh, my dear, of all people you are the very one I wanted to see: do come in."

"I want to hear all you have been doing. I know you have been busy."

"Yes, busy, but as usual with me, I may work my fingers off and things will go wrong. I had a letter to-day that is driving me wild to know what it means. My sister in Yonkers rampaged round in her dear, energetic way to get orders for me, and sent me several for Christmas, and I filled them; then came a batch of others for New Year's, and, as they were for her near neighbors, Alfred, my brother-in-law, good-naturedly

said they might be sent to his office and he would take them out to her. There were six pounds of macaroons. I knew they would go better by hand than by express, so I asked Mr. Phillips, who goes to town every day, if I sent them on the 29th to the conductor of his car, if he would take charge of them and engage a messenger for me to carry them to Alfred's office. I sent them punctually, and now comes an exasperating wail from Kate."

She took up the letter as she spoke and read: —

"Never, never, Clara, so long as I live, will I bestir myself for you again! Such a mess as I've got into, ever so many of my friends sending all New Year's morning for their wretched cakes — and I, who relied on you, had nothing to say. The large cakes came yesterday (the day after New Year's), and I must keep them myself, for I could never have the face to send them. The macaroons have never come. I have enough fruit-cake to last me till next New

Year's, but never again will I make such a fool of myself."

"Now did you ever know anything so maddening? to be scolded like that after I worked so hard! It 's just my luck."

"But your sister must have felt terribly, and it is such a pity to discourage her. Can't you guess how the mistake happened? Did you send word to Mr. Phillips the night before to remind him that the box would be on board his car?"

"No, of course not: I was awfully busy, and it was only a couple of days before I had spoken to him."

"Then I would inquire of the conductor if they were claimed; but how about the large cakes?"

"Well, that 's the beautiful express company! I sent them the day before New Year's, and of course they ought to have arrived New Year's morning."

"Holiday times are busy; I would always allow for possible delays."

"But the cakes were not ready! My oven

would not bake, and, to tell the truth, when I took them out of the oven they were white at the bottom, although I had kept them in three hours — so instead of icing them they had to go in again next day; how it will agree with them I could not tell, but I thought it did not hurt plum-pudding to be half done and left, and I could not see how it would hurt rich cake. I had a small one left over and cut it, and I find it delicious."

"How did they look?" asked Dorothy, bravely keeping her countenance.

"They did not look on the underside just as they ought, but I cleverly got over that; I turned them upside down and iced them beautifully, and if they had arrived in time my customers would have had an iced cake for the same price as a plain one — and they are always dearer."

"I know, I never could understand why, as the sugar weighs as much as anything and is the least costly part of the cake."

Mrs. Garland left the room and returned

with a wedge of the richest fruit-cake on a plate.

"There, I want your opinion: I did not ice the cake I kept home."

The part of the cake that had been in the pan was a gray color, quite soft and sticky, and Dorothy's heart sank when she saw the large piece she had to eat, and unluckily could not refuse, for she had more than once said to Mrs. Garland that she was very fond of rich fruit-cake which never disagreed with her.

"Is n't that a good cake?"

If Dorothy had only not been Dorothy for the time being, then she might have dared to be sincere, but she could not dare to criticise, nor indeed was she asked to do aught but eulogize; she therefore said, as she swallowed one sticky mouthful, —

"It is very rich" —

"Yes, I know it is one of the richest cakes made, but how about the flavor?"

It was really quite devoid of flavor, only sweet and rich, but utterly flat.

"I think you might safely add more spice."

Mrs. Garland started up tragically; spice, — spice — then she sat down in a paroxysm of laughter.

"I can't help it, as it is so utterly absurd, but I knew there was something I had forgotten all the time I was making it; I could not imagine what. I went over it all in my own mind, and now I remember there 's all my fine druggist spices lying in the papers. I ought to cry, I suppose, instead of laugh, but it does seem so ridiculous that you should sit so seriously there and with a word remind me; yet I tasted and tasted and missed nothing."

"Well, it is almost well it did not reach its destination, is it not?" asked Dorothy.

"Oh, pshaw! you don't think if I could not miss it they would? You must remember that all cake eaters are not like you, always on the *qui vive* to detect flavors."

Dorothy's wedge of cake was diminishing but very slowly, crumb by crumb, when hap-

pily a ring at the door-bell took Mrs. Garland's attention, Dorothy whipped it into her pocket and Mrs. Garland returned.

"The mystery is solved," she said gayly — bringing in a slip of paper. "Here 's a note from Benton, the car conductor: —

"'Dear Madam: Your box has not been claimed, and has been going up and down with me every trip for the last four days. What shall I do with it?'"

"Oh, Mrs. Garland," cried Dorothy in consternation, "the macaroons will be in crumbs!"

"I know it, but it 's no use crying for spilt milk, and if there is one thing Edith and I dote on it 's macaroon custard; crumbs make it just as well as whole macaroons. Now we shall have to make our dinner on it every day for a week!"

"And yet," thought Dorothy as she went home, "she cries her eyes out sometimes that she is so dependent and so penniless. I suppose this is the real reason why, with all her cleverness and accomplishments, she

cannot get along. Of course she will be asked to make no more cake, and after this I may not dare to recommend her."

Dorothy, finding that May would not take kindly to candy, would not give attention enough to it to insure it being always perfect, early in the year had told all she knew to Mrs. Garland, who had seen much when working with her. At first she had taken gladly to it; orders came, but gradually dropped off. This Dorothy had wondered at, but now understood. She could see that Mrs. Garland's haphazard way would go through everything she did. And yet how pitiable it was!

Dorothy was a very happy young woman. She had made a home for herself and sister. She had helped her dear aunt to make a little money. "A fortune to me, Dodo, when you remember that before you came I was thankful to get twenty-six cents a week for my potcheese." The money, little as it was, made the hard farm life comparatively luxurious; they need not now sell

eggs and chickens, nor were they vegetarian in their diet.

And yet it almost looked as if May was right, and Dorothy's work will not need to last very long, for when she had been three years in "business" John Lortain astounded her by asking her to become his wife. She had looked on him as being in love with May, and laughingly told him she was too busy to marry. He went away to Europe, but he is coming back soon, and Mrs. Bevan knows it is to ask Dorothy again. How that artful woman knows, I cannot guess, but she knows too that Dorothy treasures every bit of paper that contains a notice of his pictures, and I'm afraid some one has betrayed that fact to him. Mr. Bevan has several times carried a letter in his pocket to be mailed, addressed to John Lortain, Rome, and latterly they were addressed "London;" but never an idea of this fact does Dorothy have, although it has often crossed her mind, since the struggle, and doubt has

ceased, and she has anchored her bark in the calm waters of the haven of success, that it would be very pleasant to be making good things for John and his friends.

CONTENTS OF DOROTHY'S NOTE-BOOK.

The reader has been told that Dorothy made a note of her aunt's economies, and as some of her friends may be glad to make money go far, as well as to earn it, I here append the most useful, and, so far as I can tell, the least known. They may help to make savory dinners where they would be otherwise insipid, and meat possible where there are very few cents to buy it.

It will be borne in mind that Mrs. Bevan, until Dorothy came, had known a lack of money equaled only by that of the poorest laborer's wife, at the same time that she had needs and tastes quite unknown to the latter. She had, besides, the instinct of a lady to hide her extreme poverty. Although the laborers and cottagers around had more to spend per head on food than Mrs. Bevan,

they never dreamed that such was the case; and although the Bevans were known to be poor, no one ever suspected how poor. But little as the money Mrs. Bevan had to buy food, other than what grew on the farm, was, by using her brains they did not live coarsely or badly. The bit of hard meat fried in fat, or the thick slices of pork, which made the too frequent food of those around her, would have starved Mr. and Mrs. Bevan. They *must* have savory food or they could not eat; they must have it nourishing, and it must cost very little. How to attain these ends was the problem Mrs. Bevan had to solve during the first year of their poverty. Her time, of course, was her capital, as it is that of every wife and mother who is not driven by sad necessity to sell her time to some one else for actual money. Mrs. Bevan brought the advantage of an open educated mind to help her, and then recollections of observations made during long residence in Scotland and France, both countries of thrifty good living, came to her aid.

It was useless to remember that peas, beans, and lentils contain more flesh forming qualities than three times the weight of meat, that we require so much albumen, so much nitrogen, etc., in our food; she knew quite well they could not live by chemistry alone, and if the flesh formers, and heat givers, and bone and muscle makers, were not prepared into food that she and her husband could enjoy as well as swallow, the chemical qualities would avail them nought.

But she knew also these qualities must not be disregarded, and set her mind to work to choose and make dishes that would be cheap, furnish highly nourishing food, and yet be very palatable. She remembered that beef suet was as nourishing as roast beef when mixed with flour. Therefore when she made puddings or dumplings she was careful to use suet in place of lard. Beef dripping too is far more nourishing than lard, but of this they had little because roast beef was a very rare dish with them. Then she remembered the excellent Scotch

haggis, made of materials thrown away in this country, and ox-tails, that dainty of the English, that at the local butcher's brought no price at all; beef heart, which, if it cost a dollar, would be looked on as a very fine dish, but only costing ten cents, and weighing often three pounds, its good qualities are too often disdained even by the poorest.

Bread and cheese are very nourishing, but one does not want to eat them too often. Mrs. Bevan, however, had several dishes made of cheese and flour, with sometimes butter and eggs, which made savory meals of otherwise dry ones. So good did their kitchen smell at meal hours, that many a one, plodding home to his ordinary coarse, unsavory fare, would feel a hungry ache.

One of the best of these dishes was also one of the cheapest, for when Mrs. Bevan and her husband were alone it was so much too large a dish that she often sent, after their own second dinner from it, a comfortable dish to two very old people who lived near, and scarcely ever tasted well cooked food unless she did send it.

This good dish was made of haslet (or pluck), of pig when she could get it, but at other times of lamb or of sheep, which the butcher always sells for ten cents.

MOCK HAGGIS.

Detach liver and heart from the windpipe, leave the lights on it, wash all well, and put the lights on in a saucepan of salted water; leave the pipe hanging out so that the lights may disgorge. They require at least two hours' boiling, and are better prepared the day before; parboil the liver and heart for twenty minutes, preserve the water; cut the liver, heart, and half the boiled lights into small dice. Use, if possible, a stone pot with a cover; lay at the bottom three or four shaved slices of fat bacon, pork, or the fat of boiled ham (unless you have a pig's haslet, when there is a delicious frilled fat that should be with it). Put a layer of the liver, heart, and lights, and then one of forcemeat made of half a pint of bread crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of sage leaves,

dried and rubbed between the hands very fine, and two large onions, parboiled and chopped fine (after boiling), mixed together with a good teaspoonful of salt and a scant saltspoonful of pepper. After a thin layer of this put another of the liver, lights, and heart, then more forcemeat, and so on until all is in; then pour in a pint of the water the liver was boiled in, put on the cover, and tie stout brown paper over all, or make flour and water paste and lay around the cover to keep in steam; set the jar in the oven, and leave it to cook slowly three hours. When the lid is removed and the dish turned out, the fragrance will remove any doubts as to haslet being acceptable food.

Now it must be remembered that this dish, which at the outside will cost twelve cents, is the identical haggis that Sir Walter Scott loved, Burns sang, and Christopher North took the second prize for making. The same, all but a cup of fried oatmeal, which is mixed with the true Scotch dish, which

differs further in being boiled in a bag, or in the thoroughly cleaned stomach of a sheep, neither of which would add to its excellence.

So dear is this dish to the Scotch that in Montreal and other cities with a large Scotch population haggis is imported in cans. Any one willing to try the oatmeal will almost double the economy of the dish, and have the genuine Scotch dainty.

Another way of cooking liver seemed to Dorothy worth noting down, because it also seemed to make ten cents go a long way.

It was sheep's liver this time, and the lights were given to the dog. The heart was laid aside but not split. The liver only to be washed, dried, and floured, then holes made through it about two inches apart, and strips of fat pork or bacon as thick as a finger inserted. The liver thus larded is to be put into a dripping-pan, about a teaspoonful of flour dredged over the bottom of the pan, baked in a quick oven three quarters of an hour. When done put the

liver on a hot platter, pour a teacup of hot water in the pan, stir over the stove till all the gravy clinging to the pan is dissolved, then add a teaspoonful of walnut catsup (see recipe) and salt and pepper to taste.

The heart still remains for a second meal. Mr. and Mrs. Bevan had always used it for breakfast.

STUFFED LAMB'S OR SHEEP'S HEART. — Trim off the gristly part at the top called the "deaf ear," squeeze out any blood there may be in it, and wash it. Then stuff the three holes full of nice stuffing, made as follows: —

Half a cup of bread crumbs, half a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, and a pinch of thyme (between thumb and forefinger), half a saltspoonful of salt, and pepper enough to lay on the end of a penknife. Mix together with a good teaspoonful of butter, cover the top of the heart, to keep the stuffing in, with two slices of fat pork, flour it slightly, and put it into a sharp

oven to bake in twenty minutes or half an hour. It should be brown, yet not over done.

HASHED LIVER. — If there is any cold baked liver left, chop it fine, melt a teaspoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one of flour to it. Let both bubble together over the fire one minute; put in the liver, and just enough water or gravy to moisten. A teaspoonful of catsup or a dozen drops of vinegar improves this excellent dish.

BEEF HEART ROASTED. — This is prepared exactly as lamb's heart, only before stuffing it should be boiled gently half an hour to prevent it chilling.

STEWED KNUCKLE OF VEAL. The price of this should not exceed fifteen cents or twenty cents, and besides the excellent soup the bone makes, there is usually a good deal of meat left on it. Let the butcher cleave it in several places, and put it to boil with a small carrot, turnip, onion, and a tablespoonful of rice. If there is not more than a pound of meat on it, put to it two quarts of water, and *if you have it* a tiny slice of lean

ham. Let it cook two hours and a half so slowly that you can hardly see the water move in the pot. Then remove the meat from the bone, lay it in a hot dish, and make the following sauce to pour over it: Melt together one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, let them cook together one minute, stirring all the time; then take a half pint of the liquor in which the meat was cooked, and pour quickly to the butter and flour; then stir in one beaten egg and a few drops of lemon juice, or a teaspoonful of chopped pickled cucumbers. A small piece of boiled bacon or corned pork (boiled separately) is an excellent accompaniment to this dish. Use the liquor for rice or celery soup.

Braised Beef.— For this choose any of the cheaper parts of beef, but it is better to choose the chuck rib or some part where fat and lean run together, than a solid part like cross rib. If the latter is to be used, however, it should be larded by making holes through the meat and inserting strips of fat pork; then flour it. Place this in a saucepan

with a tablespoonful of vinegar, and cover closely; place the saucepan where the meat will brown, but not burn; when it has cooked one hour, turn it if it is nicely browned, and add pepper and salt; cook another hour or more, according to size, allowing half an hour to a pound of meat. When taken from the pot, pour the gravy with it, then pour a gill of boiling water into the saucepan to rinse off the gravy clinging to the sides.

This makes an excellent substitute for roast beef at half the price, but true braised beef should have vegetables with it; half a small carrot, onion, and turnip cut fine, a pinch, between thumb and finger, of marjoram, and a bay leaf if liked. These are to be added to the beef prepared as described above, but the vinegar may be omitted, and, when half cooked, a small cup of boiling water added.

Pea Soup without Meat. — Soak at night a quart of peas, then cut small two onions, a carrot, and a head of celery.

Drain the peas, put them and the vegetables into three quarts of water; pass through a sieve or fine colander and return; let the soup boil again, and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, and add two teaspoonfuls of salt and half a saltspoonful of pepper. To have this good soup at its best, fried bread must be served with it, which is also a great improvement to potato, bean soup, or other thick soup.

To Fry Bread.— Cut stale bread into dice half an inch square. Make two tablespoonfuls of nice dripping or lard *very* hot in a little saucepan or frying-pan and drop in the bread dice; they should fry golden brown in one minute; take them up, lay them on butcher's paper, and serve them on a separate dish from the soup, so that they may be dropped in and eaten crisp.

Celery Soup.— Cut four heads of celery small, one small onion, and a small piece of carrot; slowly simmer in one quart of water; in another saucepan have a quart of skim milk and two tablespoonfuls of

rice; simmer these till the rice will mash, add more milk if it is thicker than very thick cream, strain the liquor from the celery, mashing it through a colander; stir this to the rice milk, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and two teaspoonfuls of salt, and very little pepper; serve with fried bread.

Cucumber Soup. — Boil half a dozen small cucumbers, or two good sized ones, peeled and cut in quarters, with an onion sliced, in a quart of water, and a teaspoonful of salt, till they are tender enough to go through a colander. Stir, in another saucepan, a rounded tablespoonful of flour and one of butter (two if you can spare it); when they bubble stir to it the cucumber and onion pulp, and add a pint of milk; stir till thick and boiling, then add another quart of milk, and let the whole boil together: adding the milk in two portions is only to save time and stirring, for if it all went in together it must be stirred till boiling, and three pints takes longer than one; if the milk is made boiling hot before being added, then the

soup is made at once by putting the two together, and, letting them boil once, add a teaspoonful of salt and a sixth of one of pepper. Serve with fried bread.

Potato Hash. — One pound of potatoes boiled and chopped, one boiled onion also chopped, and a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley; put these on the fire with half a pint of milk, a pinch of pepper; when it has stewed gently five minutes, beat two eggs, stir a tablespoonful of butter into the potatoes, and then add the eggs; stir gently till the whole looks like custard, then remove before the eggs curdle. This may now be put into the frying-pan or oven and browned or eaten white.

Variation on the Foregoing. — When the potato hash is made, put it in a greased pie-dish; when half full sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, smooth the top, and grate cheese thickly over; brown in the oven.

Mrs. Bevan's Cream Toast. — Make cream toast as usual, only when you put the toast in the dish grate a thick layer of cheese

over each slice; stir a teaspoonful of grated cheese into the dressing, let it boil once and pour it over the toast, then set in the oven for five minutes.

CHEESE PUDDING. — Make a light batter of two eggs, one cup of milk, one cup of flour, half a saltspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of sugar. Beat hard, then stir in a cup of grated cheese. Grate a little over the top, drop half a dozen bits of butter over the surface, and bake in a sharp oven one hour.

For all these recipes *good* rich American cheese must be used. A poor, dry one will not be good. It must be grated on a large grater (or, to makeshift, may be *shaved* in the absence of a grater); fine cheese that is getting dry or too near the crust is excellent for this purpose.

In these recipes two points were kept in view by Mrs. Bevan, nourishment and economy; wherever milk is directed, when cream was abundant she would enrich with it, and dishes with eggs were only made when eggs were plentiful; many a dish is costly at one

season which at another is the cheapest possible. Butter being so highly nourishing and wholesome, she used as freely as she could when cheap, and only replaced with dripping when very dear.

It must always be remembered that many things that are expensive to buy in cities are, or may be, cheap enough if you have the ground to grow them, so Mrs. Bevan always took care to have all sweet herbs growing, and also celery; she spent once in several years five cents for bay leaves, and kept a corked bottle of mixed spices. To cook so that nothing may taste flat and insipid, and yet that nothing be too highly spiced, requires intelligence.

A good natural cook is something of a natural chemist. She is acute about flavors, and will know, if she really cares to think, that there may be something she has that will give just the flavor that is lacking. Sometimes a soup or stew is greatly improved by a saltspoonful of sugar. Yet, only a cook's instinct will tell when that is;

sometimes a squeeze of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of vinegar, or half a tomato, or a pinch of the mixed spices for which I will give a recipe. The great thing for the young cook is to take a little thought as to this matter. But I must on no account be understood as advocating individual changes in standard recipes or in any fine cooking. Mrs. Bevan seldom could use an ordinary recipe, because she had too often to make a meal with "just what she had in the house," often very scanty or very incongruous materials; and knowing well the great help of flavorings, and the very little they cost, she gave herself every advantage that they afforded.

But the great art she showed was that while availing herself of the subtle piquancy of spice and herb, she never overdid them. One clove will often give richness while three or four would spoil the dish. The idea in using flavoring is for the eater not to be able to say "this is flavored with thyme, or marjoram, or onion," or any special spice.

To be aware of a toothsome something which gives pleasure to the palate, but which brings no certainty to the mind, is what is to be aimed at in cooking. Many people think they dislike spice and herbs, because they have never known them properly used. They are not properly used if the eater can say distinctly that they are present in the dish he is eating. (To this rule there are certain exceptions, as when a dish takes its name from a spice or herb, — as spiced meats, or pickles, or parsley sauce, etc. In stews and soups and sauces the rule holds good that the flavoring matter must not be definable.)

Bottled Mixed Spice. — To prepare this properly the ingredients must be thoroughly dried in order to powder and sift easily. Put into a bowl one teaspoonful of thyme finely powdered, the same of bay leaves and pepper, a saltspoonful each of marjoram, savory, and grated lemon peel, a quarter of an ounce of powdered clove and mutmeg; sift all together three or four times,

then add to the whole one quarter the quantity of salt. That is to say, to every four teaspoonfuls of the powder put one of salt. Keep in a wide mouthed glass bottle well corked.

A saltspoonful of this mixture to a hash or stew makes a delicious seasoning acceptable even to those who believe they do not like herbs or spices.

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